

David Mixen's Gift Horse  
By Charles Battell Loomis.

JANUARY, 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



Published Monthly by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION.  
VOL. VI. No. 3 Copyright, 1905, by The Red Book Corporation.

—HIGH ART PORTFOLIO—

THE RED BOOK ADVERTISING SECTION

\$100  
\$500  
\$1000      A Year  
or More      For Life

For you, life income beginning at end of stipulated period—  
For your wife, life income, beginning immediately if you die—  
Should you both die before 20 annual payments have been made, the  
income will be continued to your heirs until 20 payments in all have  
been made.

Some men leave an estate which the widow may lose by unwise  
investment.

How much better it is to leave an **Income for Life** Guaranteed  
by The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, with assets  
larger than those of any other insurance company.

The Mutual Life has paid policy holders more than any other  
company in existence, it having disbursed over **\$690,000,000**.

---

**THE MUTUAL LIFE**  
Insurance Company of New York

---

Oldest in America  
Largest in the world



Red Book  
Jan. '06

The  
Mutual Life  
Insurance Co.  
of New York,  
New York City.

Without committing myself  
to any action, I would like to  
receive information regarding  
Joint Income Policies.

Occupation..... Age.....

.....

SEND FOR THE PROOF  
SEND FOR THE FACTS

On  
request,  
we shall  
be pleased to  
send you copies  
of letters from per-  
sons now receiving  
life incomes under Mu-  
tual Life policies, with in-  
teresting information describing  
other valuable features of these  
contracts. Write to-day.

# THE RED BOOK

## MAGAZINE

EDITED BY TRUMBULL WHITE

### CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1906

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE RED BOOK CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT IN GREAT BRITAIN.

COVER DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES BY THE PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

DRAWING TO ACCOMPANY "DAVID MIXEN'S GIFT HORSE"	Frontispiece
	Gustavus C. Widney
DAVID MIXEN'S GIFT HORSE . . . . .	Charles Battell Loomis 303
Illustrations by Gustavus C. Widney	
THE ECONOMISTS . . . . .	Elizabeth Banks 311
Illustrations by Emile Nelson	
THE NEW NUMBER SEVEN . . . . .	J. E. Calkins 322
THE SACKING OF LAC DE VIE . . . . .	Henry M. Hyde 331
Illustrations by Howard Heath	
THE TRANSPLANTING OF MRS. SING . . . . .	Grace G. Kingsley 341
THE LUCK OF THE GRAY DEVIL . . . . .	Elliott Flower 346
Illustrations by Howard V. Brown	
THE VENGEANCE OF MR. BILKS . . . . .	Hugh Pendexter 355
THE FEDERAL IMP COMPANY . . . . .	Herbert Quick 358
Illustrations by Walter J. Enright	
THE MANIAC IN THE WILDERNESS . . . . .	Edgar Franklin 365
A SIDE TRIP FOR JIMMY THE CHINK . . . . .	Dane Coolidge 372
Illustrations by Edgar Bert Smith	
THE SHANDY-GAFF . . . . .	Frederick Walworth Brown 380
THE BEST LAID PLANS . . . . .	Reynale Smith Pickering 388
HIS ANGEL UNAWARES . . . . .	Lynn D. Follett 391
Illustrations by Dan Sayre Groesbeck	
PARISIAN MODES . . . . .	Reutlinger 399
Illustrations from Photographs	
SOME DRAMAS OF THE DAY . . . . .	Acton Davies 403
Illustrations from Photographs	

Terms: \$1 a year in advance; 10 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by all Newsdealers and Booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publishers. Remittances must be made by Post Office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter, or by Postage Stamp of 2-cent denomination, and not by check or draft, because of exchange charges against the latter.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:—Do not subscribe to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. Many complaints are received from people who have paid cash to some swindler, in which event, of course, the subscription never reaches this office.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is issued between the fifteenth and twentieth of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all newsdealers after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news-stands or on railway trains, a notification to the Publishers will be appreciated.

Advertising forms close three weeks prior to the time of issue. Advertising rates on application.

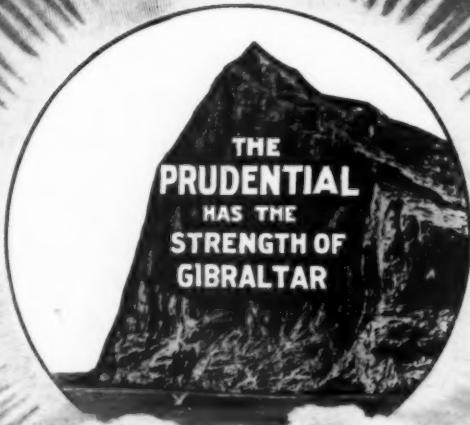
THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, Publishers  
158-164 STATE STREET, CHICAGO

LOUIS ECKSTEIN, President  
CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager

NEW YORK OFFICES  
American Tract Society Building, 350 Nassau Street  
SAMUEL HECHT, Manager  
S. L. SCHMID, Associate Manager

T. W. LIQUATTE, Chief of Advertising Staff  
J. E. PAGE, Circulation Manager  
BOSTON OFFICES, 2 Beacon Street  
JULIUS MATHEWS, Manager

LONDON OFFICES, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand  
Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



THE  
PRUDENTIAL  
HAS THE  
STRENGTH OF  
GIBRALTAR

## The First Gleam of Sunshine

to brighten thousands of homes has been a Life Insurance Policy in The Prudential. Are you willing to look around the bountiful Christmas table and know that you haven't saved a cent against the day when your family may be sitting there without you?

Now is the time to act. Secure a Prudential policy and hand it to the wife and family at Christmas dinner. It will be the best Christmas you have ever enjoyed.

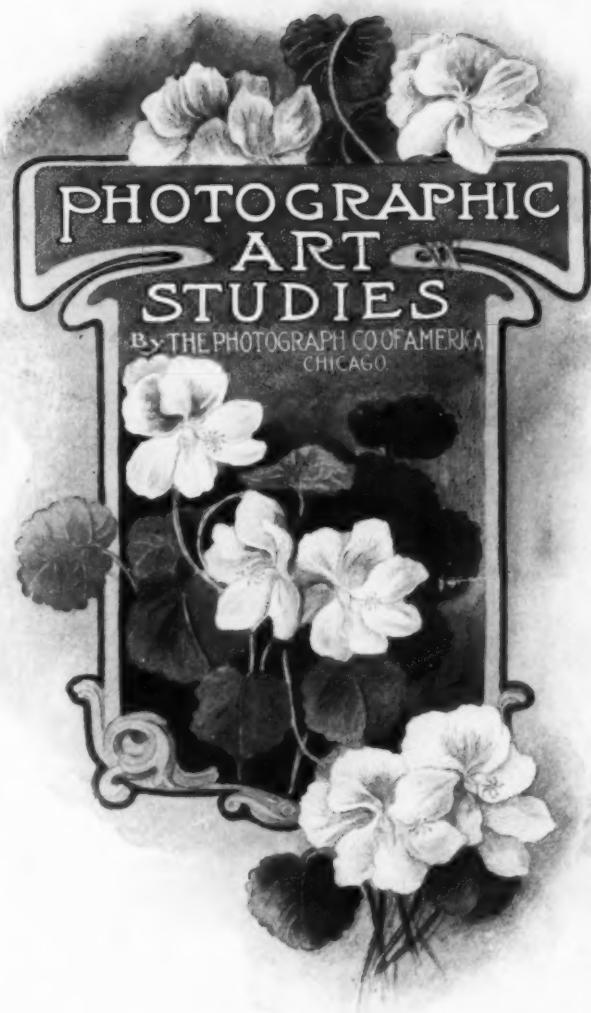
Write for Plans and Payments today, to Dept. 94

**THE PRUDENTIAL**  
**Insurance Company of America**

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres.

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.





PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS FRANCES MASON

Photograph Copyright 1915 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



MISS HARRIET COLEMAN

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago.



Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1900 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, CHICAGO

MISS BEATRICE ROSSING

Photograph Copyright 1906 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS ADA CARLEY

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1906 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA (Chicago)

MISS CATHERINE OLGESON

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1905 by the Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS NORA CREEDON

Photograph Copyright 1906 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS LOUISE WHARTON

Copyright 1906 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS ELIZABETH GARLAND

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, CHICAGO

MISS JULIA LE TRONG

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS LOUISE ST. GEORGE

Photograph Copyright 1908 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS ESTHER GUNDING

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS MADELINE STODDARD

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



MISS LEONA MOORE.

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA Chicago

MISS VERA GORDON

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS EDNA LORIMER

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS JOSEPHINE ELLIOTT

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS GERTRUDE SPILLMAN

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA, Chicago

MISS LUCY SAWYER

Photograph Copyright 1905 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



Photograph Copyright 1906 by The Photograph Co. of America, Chicago



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"The audacity of the attack was so great that he heard it out to the end."

"David Mixen's Gift Horse;" see page 210

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
Two Copies Received  
DEC 18 1905  
Copyright Entry  
Nov. 28, 1905  
CLASS 13 Xxc. No.  
105272  
COPY B

# THE RED BOOK

## MAGAZINE

Vol. VI

January, 1906

No. 3

## David Mixen's Gift Horse

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

This is the story of how David Mixen, capitalist, gave a stone chapel to the Congregational Society at Adamsville and of the manner in which it was received.

David Mixen was—and is—a native of Adamsville, in the state of, well, let us call it Massacicut so as not to get too personal.

Mixen is a self made man. That is his glory, and also his excuse; for in making himself he left out a necessary ingredient in the manufacture of a true American—honesty.

People in Adamsville could—and would—have told you many a story about his rascality in the days of his youth. They would have told you that his father was utterly worthless before him, and that it was small wonder that David did not turn out well.

That is what his townspeople would have said up to a certain point in his career.

When they learned that the unscrupulous, cold-hearted and selfish Dave was looked upon in New York and Chicago as one of the greatest Captains of Industry that a country, hard at work producing such captains, had ever exhibited, they began (some of them) to try to remember nice things about him. Being totally unable to achieve the impossible—a not unusual state of affairs—they began either to invent stories to his credit or else took them ready made from the newspapers.

David Mixen had married an economical woman when he was about thirty, and although he called himself "self made" she had really had a hand in his making. She had smoothed some of his rough

edges and had taught him a few of the usages of polite society and had in every way tried to be a good wife to him. Why, even after they bought a brown stone house in the numbered streets in New York and could have easily run up their gas bills to ten and twelve dollars a month, she so contrived things that they seldom came to more than three dollars in December, darkest of months: and in summer they used candles and had the meter locked.

But let it not be thought that Mrs. Mixen was so thrifty as to seek to prevent David from "lending to the Lord" by establishing hospitals and colleges and setting up churches in benighted places. She was a thoroughly good woman and she was proud of the change that came over him in the late nineties—when some unscrupulous papers had made exceedingly nasty remarks as to the means by which he had acquired his wealth.

Prior to that time, in the interest of truth be it said, the beggar who received a cent from David Mixen might well have accounted himself lucky. Indeed, he might have exhibited himself at so much a head, for he would have stood alone.

But in 1896, David being just turned sixty-five, decided that there was nothing more necessary for a man who had come by his money in unscrupulous ways than to propitiate the gods of fortune by a judicious and wide-blazoned giving of alms.

Mrs. Mixen was not a business woman, and she had not a doubt in the world that her husband was as honest as her father, a village doctor, had been. She



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"The audacity of the attack was so great that he heard it out to the end."

"David Mixen's Gift Horse;" see page 310





# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Vol. VI

January, 1906

No. 3

## David Mixen's Gift Horse

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

This is the story of how David Mixen, capitalist, gave a stone chapel to the Congregational Society at Adamsville and of the manner in which it was received.

David Mixen was—and is—a native of Adamsville, in the state of, well, let us call it Massacticut so as not to get too personal.

Mixen is a self made man. That is his glory, and also his excuse; for in making himself he left out a necessary ingredient in the manufacture of a true American—honesty.

People in Adamsville could—and would—have told you many a story about his rascality in the days of his youth. They would have told you that his father was utterly worthless before him, and that it was small wonder that David did not turn out well.

That is what his townspeople would have said up to a certain point in his career.

When they learned that the unscrupulous, cold-hearted and selfish Dave was looked upon in New York and Chicago as one of the greatest Captains of Industry that a country, hard at work producing such captains, had ever exhibited, they began (some of them) to try to remember nice things about him. Being totally unable to achieve the impossible—a not unusual state of affairs—they began either to invent stories to his credit or else took them ready made from the newspapers.

David Mixen had married an economical woman when he was about thirty, and although he called himself "self made" she had really had a hand in his making. She had smoothed some of his rough

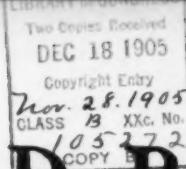
edges and had taught him a few of the usages of polite society and had in every way tried to be a good wife to him. Why, even after they bought a brown stone house in the numbered streets in New York and could have easily run up their gas bills to ten and twelve dollars a month, she so contrived things that they seldom came to more than three dollars in December, darkest of months: and in summer they used candles and had the meter locked.

But let it not be thought that Mrs. Mixen was so thrifty as to seek to prevent David from "lending to the Lord" by establishing hospitals and colleges and setting up churches in benighted places. She was a thoroughly good woman and she was proud of the change that came over him in the late nineties—when some unscrupulous papers had made exceedingly nasty remarks as to the means by which he had acquired his wealth.

Prior to that time, in the interest of truth be it said, the beggar who received a cent from David Mixen might well have accounted himself lucky. Indeed, he might have exhibited himself at so much a head, for he would have stood alone.

But in 1896, David being just turned sixty-five, decided that there was nothing more necessary for a man who had come by his money in unscrupulous ways than to propitiate the gods of fortune by a judicious and wide-blazoned giving of alms.

Mrs. Mixen was not a business woman, and she had not a doubt in the world that her husband was as honest as her father, a village doctor, had been. She



grew prouder and prouder of the man who had worked his way up, American fashion, from barefoot boy to capitalist, and now philanthropist.

One day Deacon Phillips of the First Congregational Church of Adamsville received a letter that ran as follows:

New York, May 4th, 1900.  
DEACON CURTIS PHILLIPS,  
Adamsville, Mass.

My dear Deacon: You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from me, as it is many years since I left the dear old village.

Those years have been abundantly blessed to me, but although the needs of my native town have often been in my mind I have never felt myself in a position to do what I wanted until this year.

I well remember the old Congregational Church where you and I sat in the left-hand gallery on Sabbath mornings. Do the boys still sit on one side and the girls on the other, I wonder?

I have made inquiries and learn that you have recently renovated the old church, although the members of the society have not any of them amassed wealth by tilling the rocky soil. It is always my aim to help those who help themselves, and so I want to ask that you allow me to erect a chapel to the memory of my mother.

At this point good Deacon Phillips laid down the letter and said aloud, "Why bless my soul, his mother died when he was a month old and no one could ever get her into a church. I've heard my mother say so many a time. But I honor the man for his thought."

I want to put up something very ornate, and have it called the Mixen Chapel, and if you can make it convenient to call and see me at my office in New York, we will talk the matter over and get to work as soon thereafter as possible.

Remember me to all the good folk who have not forgotten me.

Yours truly,  
DAVID MIXEN.

Deacon Phillips twisted his snowy white beard until it resembled a silk rope; and then he put his spectacles into his pocket and taking his cane from its place in the hall he went over the hills to acquaint his next door neighbor, Asa Emory, a quarter of a mile away, of the good fortune that had befallen poor, struggling Adamsville.

Emory was one of Adamsville's most salient characters, a man of ready speech, not a little sarcastic and blessed

—or cursed; according to one's point of view—with a New England conscience. He was a prominent member of the local grange, and by incessant work had contrived at forty to make himself secure against poverty, although his wealth would have seemed a pitiable pittance to a capitalist of even the tenth rate.

The deacon found Asa hitching his horse to a wheel harrow.

"You'll never guess what's happened, Asa," said he.

"Yes, I will," said Asa who was always ready to guess anything from temperature to women's ages. He looked at the letter in the deacon's hand and eyeing the New York heading he said, "That old rascal, Dave Mixen, has sent the society fifty dollars. Papers been after him again?"

"Well, that's remarkably close, only it's better yet," said the deacon, gleefully. "Mr. Mixen wants to put up a stone chapel in memory of his mother."

"Great Scott! Tell him to make it a check, deacon. The chapel we have is plenty good enough."

"Why, Asa, we can't look a gift horse in the mouth. And the chapel needs shingling and new cushions for the benches and a new stove."

"Well, but Mixen don't say he'll give us those. He'll give us a fine chapel like the one up at Haswinton and when all's said and done we'll have to buy a stove to put into it—maybe a furnace—and cushions that'll cost consider'ble more than what would do for the present ch'pel. And it'll be out of keepin' with the church. And, anyhow, I don't believe in acceptin' his ill-gotten gains."

But a special meeting of the church society was called for the following Thursday and Asa Emory was out-voted and thought to be lacking in public spirit for not wanting a thing that would tend not only to the glory of God, but might attract summer visitors.

There were a few of Asa's opinion that ill-gotten gains bring no good, among them being the pastor; but he was aged and ill and—well, really, while the people liked him as a neighbor, his opinion was neither courted nor valued.

And Deacon Phillips went down to New York, a place he had not visited

since he had gone there on his honeymoon forty years before, when a young man of twenty-five, for he was several years older than David.

He was well nigh dazed at the magnificence of the metropolis and was, as he thought, made much of by David Mixen, who took him to lunch in a place that seemed like a palace, so beautiful were the slabs of onyx and jasper and sapphire and chalcedony.

The good deacon was a little puzzled that at such a very expensive looking place people should sit up to a counter like that in a railroad restaurant, but when

place in company with a bunch of Captains of Industry.

The good and simple deacon was glad to forget the cold, repellent, and sly boy of the fifty odd years ago in the bland, self poised and ardent philanthropist of the present. Deacon Phillips was not given to gossip yet he had heard more or less about the devious methods by which David Mixen's wealth had been acquired. In the light of his present demeanor and his remarkable generosity he could well believe them the inventions of envious tongues and he gave Mr. Mixen a warm invitation to come up to Adamsville for a



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"Deacon Phillips."

he returned to Adamsville he told of the glories of the place and how the man who ran it was so wealthy that he was able to have at least a score of similar eating places in the city. If he had seen the check that was handed to Mr. Mixen he might have wondered that such stewed oysters as had been theirs could have cost but twenty cents a plate.

David Mixen did not make a god of his stomach, and Delmonico's, that would have liked to see him every day, saw him not unless he attended a dinner at the uptown

few days and look over the ground.

"I wish my wife could have lived to welcome you but she went to a better land ten years ago—ten long years this spring. My daughter keeps house for me and we'd be more than glad if you and Mrs. Mixen, too, would come up."

"Curtis—you don't mind if I call you Curtis, the same as I did when we were boys, do you?"

"Why, of course not. I call you David in spite of what you've got to be."

"That's right, that's right. Well,

Curtis, I'll be glad to run up 'home' next week." He consulted a calendar. "Make it Thursday of next week. But I don't believe Mrs. Mixen'll be able to go. She doesn't go out very much."

The fact was that Mrs. Mixen had heard rumors of the kind of esteem in which her husband had been held by the inhabitants of Adamsville and nothing would have induced her to go up there. She considered that in giving one of his chapels to that place he was acting with great magnanimity. And in the depths of his own heart David thought the same.

But if Adamsville had said and thought mean things of David Mixen, giver of hospitals to various cities in the country and ignorer of his native place, their feeling for him underwent a change when it was learned that he was going to erect a handsome stone chapel.

To be sure the aged and ill pastor felt that the end did not justify the means, and there were men, and women, too, here and there in the village, who still made bold to say what they thought of the capitalist who had left such an unsavory reputation behind him when he bade good-bye to the town nearly half a century before and whose success was no less unsavory.

Accustomed all his life to do things at once, Mixen caused ground to be broken before he left town, and also accustomed to push things through to a speedy completion, whether they were nefarious operations or to the glory of God, he contracted to have the chapel finished by the first of November. And it *was* finished by that time, finished without and within.

There was undoubtedly a vein of sentiment in David Mixen's make up, or if it was not there he had allowed himself to be "salted" with one, as it were. He was a keen judge of human nature and he knew that New England people, though little given to a show of their emotions, were pleased at exhibitions of sentiment on the part of those whom long contact with the world of finance might well have rendered hard, and so in November Deacon Phillips received another carefully worded letter.

David Mixen had had rather less than a common school education but he had

a natural knack at expressing his thoughts—or even at concealing them by artfully contrived words—and as his stenographer had received a college education and knew how to spell, his letters might have been used as models in almost any school in the country.

The letter ran as follows:

My dear Curtis: I would run up to take a look at the completed chapel, but I have just returned from a trip through the Southwest and go tomorrow on a journey of inspection over one of my recently acquired roads in the Northwest, and I cannot slip in a day before cold weather.

That being the case, I am going to allow myself a little touch of sentiment. It was on a wintry Christmas Eve that I left the old home to begin my battle with the world, and it was on Christmas Eve that my mother departed this life. What more fitting than that the exercises connected with the formal gift of the chapel to your townspeople—and I may say, my townspeople, for at heart I still feel I am one of you—be held on Christmas Eve?

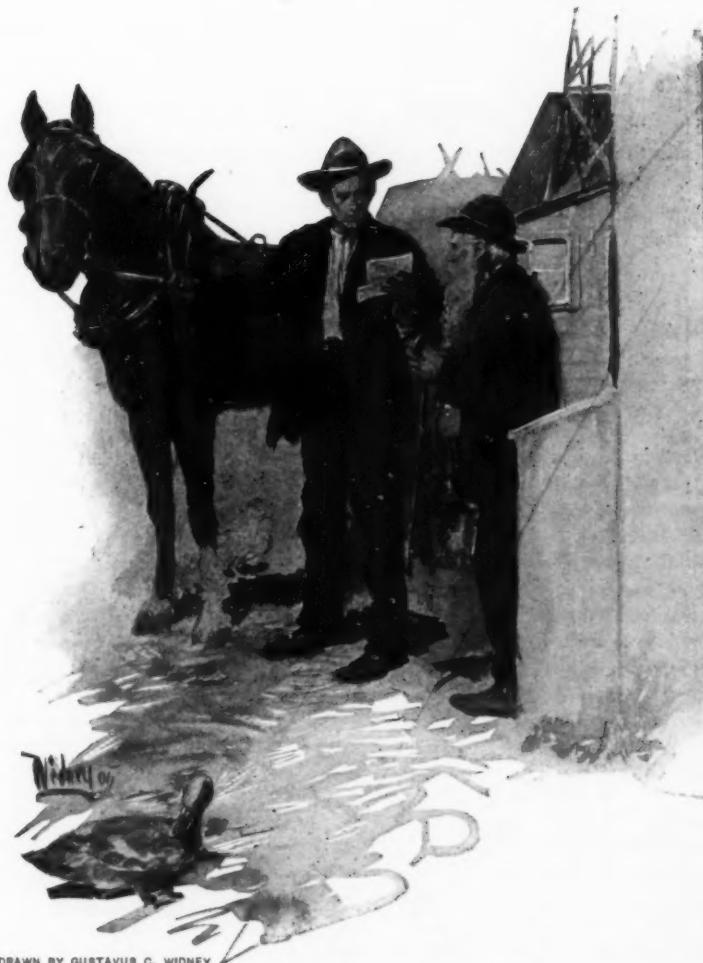
When I was a boy Christmas was not much thought of by people in our section, but the world has grown and broadened, and now Christmas fills a large place in the hearts of all true men.

Let it be on Christmas Eve then, and Curtis, do not have any very formal program. You know I am averse to show. Let there be some one to accept the gift, if your pastor is not well enough to appear, and be sure to select some one who is not afraid to talk in public, but don't have more than one speech and one prayer. My own remarks will be very brief; I may not speak at all. I have a vivid recollection of the Friday evening prayer meetings of my youth where men got up and rambled on with more words than there were thoughts to fill them, and I want you to pick out a man who can say what he has to say pointedly and briefly.

I am glad you have lived to see this day. I wish my mother might have seen it. I have given many gifts, for I have been abundantly blessed, but this chapel is *the gift*.

Yours truly,  
DAVID MIXEN.

"I declare," said Deacon Phillips, after reading this letter aloud to his daughter, "David has more good feeling than I gave him credit for. They say that the possession of wealth makes men hard, but it has acted just the other way with him. I don't mind telling you, Sarah, that when David was a boy he was not popular. The rest of us thought him sneaky and ill-natured, but prosperity has improved him



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"Asa looked at the letter."

—that and, I dare say, his wife.” The deacon sighed. “I wish your mother could have seen this beautiful edifice.” He could see it through the sitting room window as he spoke. “I don’t suppose we can serve the Lord any better in it than in the old chapel but it is certainly a sightly building and she would have joyed to look at it.”

David’s wish made it necessary for the deacon to look for some one who would accept the gift in fitting terms, for there was little likelihood of Pastor Ripley being able to do more than attend, and, perhaps, offer a prayer.

If Asa Emory could be induced to look at the matter from the proper point of view he would be the very man to make the speech, but he had not scrupled to say what he thought of “robber barons” from the start. Ammi Holt was of the meandering, maundering sort and would drive David crazy if he got up to make a speech, and among the younger men there was not one who had, as the deacon expressed it, “the gift of the gab.”

The honor went a-begging for some time, until one night, coming home from a grange meeting where Asa had made a capital speech, it was thrust upon him in

such a way and by so many of his neighbors that he finally consented. If it had not been a dark night the deacon might have noticed a curious look in Asa's eye as he said, "If it's up to me to do it, I'll do it. I ain't afraid to, and I wash my hands of any responsibility."

"No responsibility, Asa," said the deacon. "All you've got to do is to say something appropriate, and not too much of it, and then set down. I'd do it myself if I could trust my voice but I believe I'd break down."

And the venerable deacon's eyes were moist as he spoke.

It was, indeed, a "sightly edifice" into which the country and town folk poured on that crisp and moonlit Christmas Eve. The church was of the graceful Colonial type, but the chapel was heavily Gothic. The two buildings quarreled with one another in a fashion not meet on the part of a church and its chapel, but either one alone was a credit to architecture and there were few who criticised the \$50,000 gift.

Before eight o'clock the chapel was filled to overflowing, and just as the hands of the handsome clock—for Mr. Mixen had not only given the chapel but had fully furnished it—were pointing to the hour, the erect old capitalist walked in on the arm of the venerable deacon. Mixen still clung to the close cropped and snowy white side-whiskers of a generation back, or to speak truly, they still clung to him. Deacon Phillips wore a beard, doubly notable in a time when beards are being relegated to the barber shop, there to be swept up. But a beard on the deacon was in keeping with his office, and there were not a few who noted, that of the two men, Deacon Phillips was the finer type.

They took their places on the platform where the pastor of the church, pale and decrepit, was already seated.

At one minute past eight David Mixen had looked at his watch three times, for Asa Emory had not yet come. But before the second minute had passed he took his place on the platform and the capitalist was ready for the program to begin.

After an almost inaudible prayer on the part of the Rev. Mr. Ripley, David

Mixen rose, advanced to the front of the platform and spoke in the steady, clear voice he often used in laying down the law at directors' meetings.

"I'm a man of few words. The Lord has blessed my business. I used to run over these hills, and I attended the church hardby—not as often, perhaps, as I should have done, but still I attended it as your good Deacon Phillips can testify, for we were boys together. To show you that I am still an Adamsville boy I have caused to be built, and now give to you, this chapel, as a Christmas gift. That is all I have to say."

He sat down abruptly, and looked expectantly toward Asa Emory, who rose, and walking to the reading desk, rested his left hand heavily on it.

It was noticed by the discerning that he was very pale but his voice was as clear as that of the great capitalist. He looked the audience over, and then he said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—

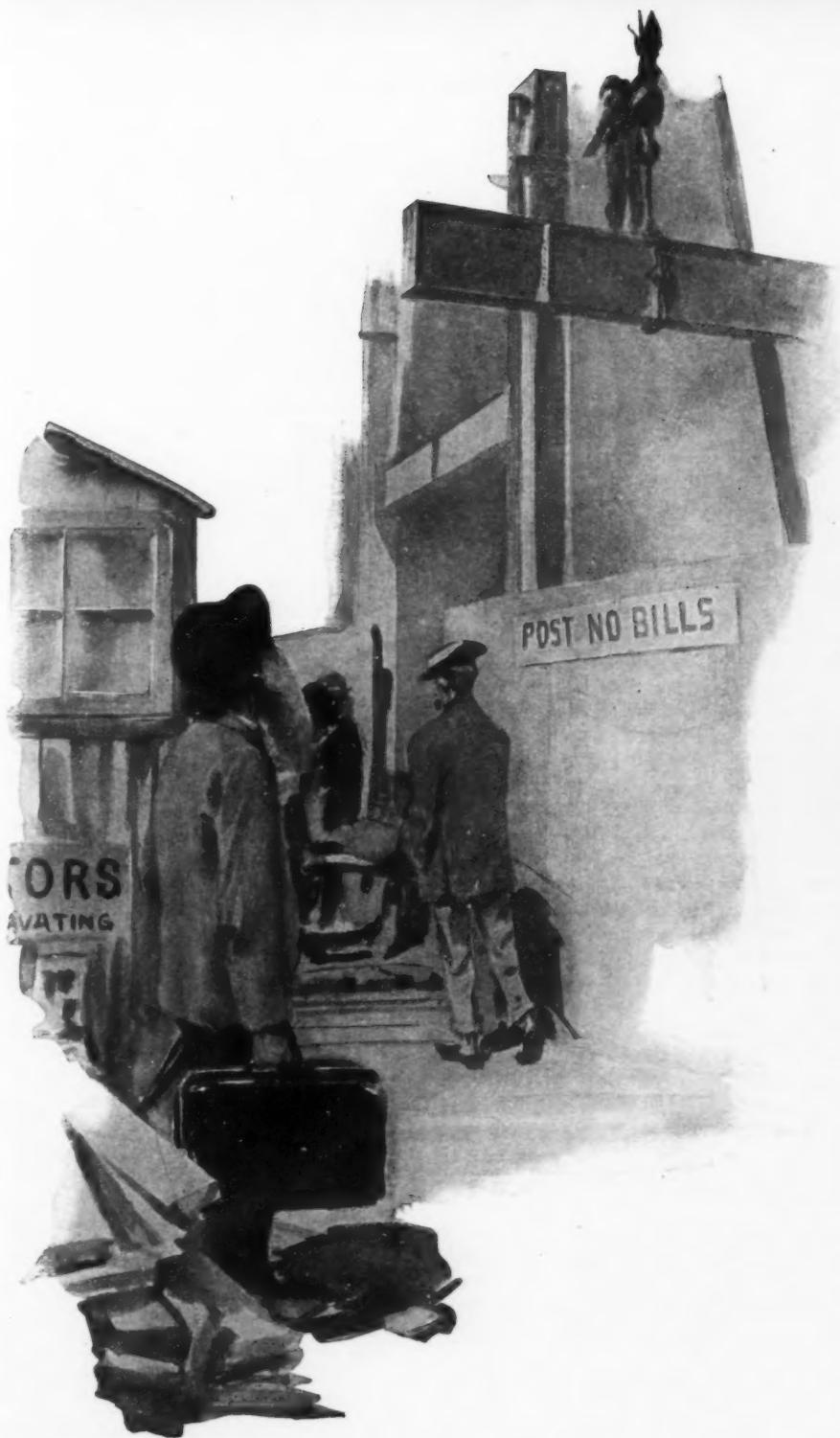
"I have been asked to accept this chapel, owing to the illness of the beloved pastor.

"You have heard that this beautiful building has been given to this little hill town by David Mixen, one of the men who has been allowed to prosper in this land of ours where not all do prosper; but it would not be entirely accurate so to state the case. No one man ever does a thing by himself. He always receives help. There's no such thing as absolute independence.

"And it has struck me all along, ever since I first heard that David Mixen was going to do this thing that the chapel would really be paid for, but not by him alone, although he will undoubtedly make out the check.

"This chapel will be paid for by widows and orphans with whom our philanthropic fellow citizen has come in contact during the course of his busy life, and never to his loss.

"There are men who are hopelessly broken today because of their encounters with this philanthropist: they must receive a part of our thanks for helping to build this edifice. There are ruined men and women, heart broken men and women in every state in this union—for our phi-



DRAWN BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"Deacon Phillips went down to New York."

lanthropist has reaped his harvest wherever the American flag flies—who have contributed their mite toward the erection of this chapel.

"Let us, then, thank those who allowed their little all to be absorbed by this philanthropist that he might work to the glory of God in the upbuilding of churches, not only here but elsewhere in this broad land. He might have absorbed their money and kept it himself. Successful men of his type have sometimes done that, but to the credit of David Mixen be it said that he scorned to do any such thing. As soon as he had by judicious milking of the cattle upon a thousand hills, as one might say, obtained the cream of wealth he began to lend to the Lord. Is there not a text somewhere to the effect that he that gathereth from the poor lendeth to the Lord? If so, David Mixen lived up to it. First he gathered, and then he lent, but if he had not been able to gather he could not have lent, and so I say that this chapel was erected by the poor and unfortunate of this country, and to them let us give thanks."

This speech had been delivered in a penetrating voice and with great rapidity of utterance. Every word had gone home. Some in the congregation did not understand the satire and half expected the great man to rise and thank Asa for his pleasant words, but David Mixen understood every word and his face assumed a scarlet hue as he listened. The audacity of the attack was so great that he heard it out to the end, not without a certain admiration for the man who was making it.

He expected that the speaker would be put out of the chapel; Deacon Phillips was sitting with head bowed in anguish, the

Rev. Mr. Ripley looked on the verge of collapse, and David was sure that there was not a man in the church but was incensed at such a sacrilegious speech.

But there was, as has been said, an element in the congregation that had not taken kindly to the proposed gift of the capitalist, and when Asa had spoken and had sat down there were heard in the chapel, not only audible ejaculations of appreciation but some hand clapping, and when the pastor rose to utter a feeble protest he was silenced by the voices of half a dozen men who said: "We don't want the chapel!" "It's blood money!" "Let him take it away!" "Good for Emory!"

Considerable of a tumult arose, and while it was in progress David Mixen walked out of the chapel, brazen-faced and erect but with rage in his heart.

And the very next day being Christmas, a gang of wreckers came up from New York and began to tear down the "ornate chapel." Deacon Phillips took to his bed and the pastor to his couch, but there was a revulsion of popular feeling, and people generally upheld Asa Emory for his stand. He had opposed the gift from the start; he had not wanted to speak but had been forced into it and he had undoubtedly told the truth.

And by New Year's day there was not left standing one stone upon another, and the Friday evening prayer meetings were held in the church during the erection of a hastily constructed and severely simple wooden chapel put up by the farmers of Adamsville, and to the erection of which not a widow or an orphan was asked to contribute.

# The Economists

BY ELIZABETH BANKS

Mrs. Rogers, lodging house keeper, stood over against a tree in Russell Square and gazed with a sort of blank bewilderment at the two front windows of her first floor lodger, Sir Edwin Blackmore, baronet.

She had just started out to pay her tri-weekly visit to Covent Garden Market, and on her arm hung the string bag, which, on account of its convenience and capaciousness, was one of her dearest treasures. She had stopped but a moment to inspect the hang of the new net curtains with which she had replaced the old Nottingham lace ones which had previously hung, all stiff and somewhat laundry-rent, at Sir Edwin's sitting room windows.

Instead of a graceful sweep of net, falling in undulating folds from the brass curtain poles, she saw nothing but square white patches plastered tightly here, there, and everywhere against the panes. Then she put on her spectacles which she wore only on special occasions, such as on the examination of fruit, vegetables, and meat at Covent Garden, and by the added perspicacity of her vision, she discovered that the patches were hemstitched linen handkerchiefs spread smoothly upon the glass. In each window there were seven. They did not overlap, neither did the edge of the one quite meet the edge of the other. There was just the suggestion of a separation between them, and through these cracks only, was Mrs. Rogers permitted to get a glimpse of her new net curtains.

Then, in spite of the beautiful May morning, so extraordinarily beautiful that every Londoner meeting another Londoner whom he knew, stopped to comment upon its sunniness; in spite of the birds that hopped and chirrupped all about her; in spite of the reduced rates at which she knew she could buy "sprouts" that morning at market, Mrs. Rogers groaned, and felt that the burdens thrust upon her were greater than she could bear, and the light empty string bag, as if in sympathy with her, and fearing that even it might be the last straw to complete the over-

weight, slid off her arm to the ground.

"Who'd a thought it, who'd a thought it?" she sighed. "Who'd a thought an English gentleman like Sir Edwin would make my front windows look like this? Who'd a thought any gentleman would do such a thing or even think up such a thing? How would any man, much less a gentleman brought up like Sir Edwin, be apt to know that things could be ironed by stickin' them on glass? Haven't I had enough trials with those American girls in the second floor back with their handkerchiefs and laces spread all over the windows and the mirrors and the fire place and everything that's got a marble top, and the back of my house a laughing stock to the whole neighborhood? Why, even I, a woman and hard-pressed one as I am, never saw ironing done like that till those American girls started it in their rooms! How would a man know such things? And in the front of the house too, in the front!"

Mrs. Rogers picked up her string bag and walked sadly towards Holborn. Suddenly she straightened herself and a determined look came on her face.

"I won't 'ave it, I won't 'ave the 'ouse spoiled both front and back!" she exclaimed, dropping, in her excitement, some of the "h's" which during her long association with Americans and the gentry as lodgers she had endeavored with an unusual degree of success to pick up. Then she got into a 'bus and proceeded towards Covent Garden.

Meanwhile, Mary Jarvis and Ann Maltby, the two American girls who occupied Mrs. Rogers' second floor back suite, were doing their week's washing of "small pieces." Each had her sleeves rolled up and each had a fringed towel pinned on the front of her skirt in lieu of an apron. There was a kettle of water steaming hot on the spirit stove; a tiny bag of blueing rested on the marble topped washstand; soap of the brown household variety showed itself in half-used bars at the side of each large china basin.



DRAWN BY EMILE NELSON

"Mrs. Rogers gazed with blank astonishment."

The young washerwomen had got to the rinsing stage, and after several light whirlings of the blueing bag, they dipped their handkerchiefs and muslin stocks in, soused them up and down, wrung them out, and prepared for the combination process of drying and ironing.

"In certain ways," remarked Ann, as she went to the near window and began spreading out a very wet embroidered handkerchief upon the pane, "a London lodging house is adapted to carrying out the little economies of life, and in other ways I should prefer a New York boarding house. This heating of water by drops over an alcohol lamp insults my soul when I remember the hot and cold running water right on the spot during the New York *régime*. There, too, the sun shone better on the panes and made the things dry quicker. However, on the

other hand, we didn't have a marble-top washstand, table, bureau, to say nothing of a gigantic mantelpiece for spreading out our heavier embroideries which wouldn't stick and hang to the window panes or looking glass. On the whole I suppose it's six of one and half a dozen of the other in the matter of advantages for doing secret laundry work, while in the matter of seeing sights and getting acquainted with the world and all kinds and conditions of people, it's a toss up in favor of London."

She stood back from the window and critically surveyed her best handkerchief. "Oh dear, it's got bubbles in it," she exclaimed, and thereupon she pulled it off, re-smoothed and re-patted it, till neither wrinkle nor bubble were visible.

Ann was twenty-four years old, and being the elder of the two by three years,

looked upon herself somewhat in the light of a *chaperon* and guide to Mary. They were both pretty, well-bred, well-educated girls with an ambition to study abroad, which had brought them to London with their parents' consent and a very small monthly allowance for their pressing needs which they hoped soon to augment by their own exertions. Ann was studying rugs, with the intention of becoming what she termed "Rug Adviser" and Purchaser to American Plutocrats." Mary had come to London to put herself under the instruction of a certain eminent master of music in the Royal Academy, who was said by some to be the making of American voices and by others the spoiler of them. They shared the expense of a bed room and sitting room in the Russell Square lodging house, and they also shared and shared alike in the making of such small economies as occurred to the mind of either as legitimate for the purpose of reducing expenses.

"Speaking of making the acquaintance of all kinds and conditions of people," said Mary, as Ann smoothed down her fourth pocket handkerchief and carefully fingered the dangerously tender looking lace around its hem, "Don't you suppose it must be a dreadful thing to have a title and be poor?"

"Why I don't think it can be half as bad as not to have a title and be poor. Are you thinking of the baronet in the first floor front?"

"Yes," answered Mary haltingly.

"Oh, I don't believe he's very poor. He goes out in evening dress every night, he rides in hansoms and he attends parties at dukes' houses."

"Ann, I'll tell you a secret! That poor baronet washes out his own handkerchiefs and I expect he uses them rough dry!"

"Why, how in the world did you find that out?" exclaimed Ann, dropping a wet handkerchief on the floor in her open-eyed astonishment.

"Because I saw them in his sitting room. He had them on a towel-rack near the window."

"His sitting room! When were you in his rooms? Why, you never spoke to the man in your life! What business have you in his apartments?"

"No, I never spoke to him in my life, and I don't suppose I ever shall, but I know he washes his handkerchiefs, and I also know he won't use them rough dry this week!" retorted Mary defiantly. Then she added more gently, "If you'll only be quiet and not take shock, I'll tell you all about it. You know, when we heard that awful noise in the street this morning, about an hour ago, when the hansom tipped over by the square and the crowd gathered and shouted? I was just coming up stairs and was on the first floor passing the baronet's door. Thinking perhaps the house was on fire or something, and seeing his sitting room door open, I just rushed in there to look out of the window. I knew he'd be gone, you know. Well, first I saw the uptilted hansom and nobody hurt, and then I spied a towel-rack by the open window with a dozen or more wet handkerchiefs all hanging on it in strings. The poor man hadn't even known enough to shake them out, and he hadn't wrung them dry, either, and they were dripping all over the rug. It was the most pathetic sight I ever saw. To think of any man, much less a British baronet, having to wash out his own handkerchiefs! I felt like crying, just as I always feel like crying when I see a man sick or in physical pain, especially if he's a great big man; the bigger he is the more pathetic he is. It just came to me of a sudden that I'd iron those handkerchiefs for the baronet, and, as luck would have it, though they were too wet to be hanging on a rack or line, they were just nice and dripping enough to stick well to the glass. I shook them out and put them on the two windows and left them in a lovely sun. When he takes them down, he'll find them as smooth as satin."

A sound of the swishing of skirts and a smothered exclamation, and a shout from Ann caused Mary to look up and around the room. Ann had thrown herself on the bed and was rolling over and over in fits of hysterical laughter, screaming,

"Oh, this is the richest thing I ever heard, the very richest!"

"Perhaps you think it's funny," said Mary sarcastically. "To me it's awfully pathetic, if not tragic."

"I do! I do! It is so extremely funny

that I—" here Ann went off into another uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"But," continued Ann, when she was able to speak coherently, "it will be still funnier or perhaps more tragic, when the baronet comes home, finds his handkerchiefs gone and tries to look out of his windows and wonders what the trouble is. Of course, he won't recognize his handkerchiefs spread out on the panes. He will merely think that they are a part of the curtains Mrs. Rogers has been putting up, and he'll probably ring his bell to call her up and explain to her that he doesn't like to be entirely shut off from the outside world and request her to take down the inside curtains."

"You don't mean to say that he won't know what they're on the window for, and won't know enough to take them down carefully and fold them up, smooth side out?"

"Well, if he does know, he'll be a strangely brilliant man, the brightest man I ever heard of. Even an American man, who's been brought up in a country where his womenkind do so much of their ironing on looking glasses and window panes, wouldn't know anything about such things, and I'm sure an Englishman wouldn't be any smarter than an American. I tell you, he'll think they are inside window curtains and he'll demand an explanation of poor Mrs. Rogers."

"Then we'll have to go down and take them off when they're dry and fold them up nicely. In fact that will be the only nice and delicate way to manage the thing, now that I think of it," said Mary, anxiously.

"Yes, I'll help," said Ann. "I'd hate not to be in such a nice little scheme for benevolence to reduced English baronets."

When Sir Edwin Blackmore returned to his apartments that afternoon about three o'clock, and in the course of his nervous pacings up and down trying to think up a way out of his present hard-up-ed-ness, he was very much astonished to come up against what seemed to him to be a barricaded window. He went over to the other window. It was also barricaded.

"What in christendom is the meaning

of all this?" he exclaimed. He started for the bell rope in the corner and had just got his hand on the tassel, when he decided to go and inspect again the queer looking windows. On a closer notice he discovered various presentations of his own daintily embroidered monogram confronting him on the window panes and his puzzlement was increased. Was this a new fashion in curtains, and had his landlady with whom he was a favorite, been embroidering his monogram all over them?" But they shut out the light, obstructed the view, and it was the light and the view of this particular room that had made Sir Edwin decide to become a lodger in Russell Square, in spite of the fact that it had lost its one time fashionableness and was now often spoken of as "the American boarding house locality." He stood and gazed at the shut-in windows till the perspiration started from his brow and he put his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief. It was not there. He had lost it.

"Those handkerchiefs must be dry by this time," he thought, going over to the other window where he remembered he had placed the rack. It was empty! He looked again at the window, and he recognized his handkerchiefs. Surely they were his handkerchiefs! But what were they on the window for? Who had put them there? How was it they could be made to stick on like that, anyway, and what did it all mean?

It was a very sad and bewildered young man who descended the stairs and banged the door of the house after him, leaving his room and his handkerchiefed windows as he had found them, and spent the rest of the afternoon at his club, cogitating over the mystery.

They were also two very bright-eyed, laughing, excited girls, who, after watching for the closing of the front door from the front hall window above, descended softly to the sitting room, and very quickly, but carefully and tenderly, stripped the windows, patted the delicious smoothness of the handkerchiefs, folded them up with the monogram corner on the outside, placed them conspicuously on the table in the corner of the room and crept up stairs, to find Mrs. Rogers knocking on their



DRAWN BY EMILE NELSON

"Doing their week's washing of 'small pieces.'"

door with one hand and with the other grasping a hammer, a paper of tacks and several squares of paste-board on which appeared to be some writing.

"Oh, did you want us, Mrs. Rogers?" asked Ann. "We are just coming in, you see."

"Yes, young ladies," returned Mrs. Rogers, walking in the door which Mary flung open. "I've decided that this 'ouse 'as got to be run with rules and regulations and I'm for tacking a neat card on every door, so as guests will know what they can do and what they can't. It'll save confusion and misunderstandings in future, and it isn't no more than what is done in the best 'otels, anyway."

"Certainly, Mrs. Rogers, but I hope your new rules and regulations won't affect us so that we will have to move," said Ann.

"I 'ope not, too!" replied Mrs. Rogers grimly, with her mouth full of tacks. Then she flourished the hammer and gave four quick little pounds, said, "Good afternoon, young ladies," and departed.

"She must be excited about something. Did you notice how she dropped her 'h's?" asked Mary as both girls rushed to the card:

#### RULES AND REGULATIONS

Number — Russell Square, W. C.

GUESTS will keep their valuables locked up.  
GUESTS will deposit nine pence for latch keys supplied.  
GUESTS are allowed one bath towel and seven face towels a week.  
GUESTS will please report inattention of servants.  
GUESTS will be charged for damage to furniture.  
GUESTS will not do any laundry work in their rooms.  
GUESTS will keep their windows tidy and not disfigure the house.

"Mary, we've got to move! And I believe it's all got something to do with the baronet's handkerchiefs, for she knew we washed ours and dried them on the windows, and you remember it was very 'ingenious-like and very American-like'. What's this about disfiguring the house? Why, it means her front windows! Mary Jarvis! This house must have looked a sight from the front all day!"

"Do you suppose she's tacked these

same rules in the baronet's room?" asked Mary.

"Why, of course! He's the real criminal that's done the harm. That is, she thinks he is, though the poor man is your victim. You see what comes of meddling, Mary. Oh, oh!" and Ann threw herself on the bed again. "Of course, it means we must move, Mary. We can't afford to send the small pieces to the laundry," she said when she was calm again.

"Well, it may be a good thing," returned Mary, solemn-faced, because she thought of the evil she might do the poor baronet. "Now we'll have a chance to set up in a flat we've talked so much about."

"Haven't I often heard you confess a liking for American women, Ned?"

"Yes, Lil, you probably have, but I'm going to ask you to spare me any discourse you may have in mind upon the practicability of an American heiress as a cure for poverty!"

"My dear Ned, the subject of American heiresses is farthest from my thoughts, I do assure you. I was going to tell you about a couple of American *protégées* of mine who have the originality to be as poor as the proverbial churchmouse."

Lady Rendon sat back in her chair before the blazing, sputtering, soft-coal fire and looked at her brother with twinkling eyes. She was a young woman of possibly thirty-two or three, not pretty, but what is better, attractive and comfortably wholesome looking. She had every reason to look so. The daughter of a baronet, she was also married to one. She had married in her own class, and for love, and was the mother of a bouncing six-year-old heir to the baronetcy and his toddling baby sister.

She looked merrily up at her brother who was drinking his tea and continued.

"I thought you might be interested to hear about my *protégées*. They are about the most delicious American specimens that I have come across. They have all the characteristics that one likes and wishes to find in American girls, and have none of the ways that one so dislikes in many of the feminine samples from that



DRAWN BY EMILE NELSON

"I thought you might be interested to hear about my *protégées*."

country which we so often have to inspect."

"I see you are dying to tell me about them," said her brother, resignedly.

"I came across them in the oddest way," continued Lady Rendon. "You know how long I have been hunting for a Soumak rug with this very particular terracotta," and she pointed to the rug whereon stood the tea-table. "Well, I saw an advertisement in a morning paper to the

effect that a young American lady, having given close study to the subject of antique rugs, would be glad to act as adviser or purchaser for Americans visiting London. Then there was a partial list of rugs which could be seen on application to her, and in the list I noticed that she had a very rare Soumak. Of course, I could not include myself among the 'Americans visiting London' for whom she advertised but I fancied she could not refuse a good

offer for her Soumak, even if it happened to be of English gold instead of American, so I wired to the newspaper box number for the address at which the rug could be seen, and got a wire in reply to call that evening at an address in an out-of-the-way street of Westminster dangerously bordering on the ragged edge of Pimlico. I drove there immediately and found the young American, or rather two young Americans in a flat in one of those new cheap buildings that have lately gone up. And such a flat!"

"Very squalid, was it?" asked her brother. "That must have been original! Whoever heard of Americans in London living in a squalid flat!"

"On the contrary, it was magnificent inside. It took my breath away, for the outside was humble enough. There was no servant, but a pretty young girl ushered me into a drawing room, which, in the matter of furnishing would put mine to shame. On the floor were Sarakh, Samarakand and Khilim rugs showing the most beautiful blues, reds, greens and yellows that I ever saw. There was a Bokhara mat of rose, orange, and the rarest shade of turquoise blue. Then there was an Afghanistan with its octagons and diamonds of blue and red hanging on the wall, because there wasn't room for it on the floor, and also on the wall was the Soumak I had come to see with the very terracotta that I had been hunting for ever since I was married. There were prayer rugs with their funny little triangular-shaped birds and animals hanging over a door as curtains. As I trod upon the velvety Persians and silky Mosuls, I really seemed to be treading on air. You wouldn't think that so many rugs of so many different kinds would look well together, but the harmony of it all was something wonderful. Only an artist could have laid those rugs down without creating a medley of horror in color. Instead of that the room was a symphony; no other word could describe it.

"When I had been there five minutes, another girl came out of the room that was curtained off with the prayer rugs. She was a bit older than the one who had opened the door, five and twenty, perhaps. She had the regular laughing eyes while

the little and younger one had rather solemn looking eyes. I explained that I was the sender of the wire, and asked if the rug on the wall was the Soumak to which her advertisement referred. She said it was. I bought it on the spot, paid cash and had it put in the hansom, for I was mortally afraid someone else might be looking for it, and if I left it that it might be gone the next day. The girl laughed and explained that I was her first customer, and before I knew how it had come about, she had told me how she had set herself up in business in London. It seems she was always interested in rugs, and when she lived in America she noticed how many rich Americans who came abroad got cheated in rug buying, and it occurred to her that if she could become an expert rug appraiser, she ought to make it a good source of income.

"She came to London and brought along the little one who wanted to cultivate her voice under Shannon, who, by the way, will spoil it for her, as he does every American voice he touches, and after she had studied rugs and rug books for a year or more, what do you suppose the girl did? She actually, with proper letters of introduction, got some of the biggest London houses to carpet her floors and her walls with their rarest rugs with the idea of her exhibiting them to private customers, and they offered her a good commission on the prices she obtained. She sent out circulairs to rich people in America, advertised in American and English and continental papers, and there those two girls are living in the midst of such Oriental splendor as a prince might envy. Why, they've even got two mats hung up on the kitchen wall, high up, of course, where they won't be in danger of spattering from the stove."

"Haven't they got any furniture but rugs? Or don't the rugs look rather out of place with cheap furniture?"

"Why, that's the ridiculous part of it! They started in the flat with nothing but a bed and some boxes, and now they've got Sheraton and Chippendale desks, tables and chairs, French writing cabinets, Royal Worcester tea sets, Crown Derby wash basins, old Sheffield plate tea urns and trays, all on the same principle, to be used carefully and tenderly, at their own

risk, and exhibited and sold on commission. When they sell one thing, they replace it, so they keep their flat furnished all the time. It's several months now since I got the rug, you know, and I've sent several customers, both English and American. We've all three become great chums now, and I've had them here to tea and dinner, and at my next 'at home' I intend to have the little one make her debut as a singer."

"Lil, you certainly do ferret out the quaintest and most original specimens of the human race," said her brother admiringly. "These would really appear to be more interesting than usual. I should think it would take two pretty bright girls to think up such a scheme for furnishing a flat."

"Well, it seems that in their case, necessity was the mother of invention. Since we've got to be chums they've told me how it happened that they took the flat, and actually sometimes I wake up in the night and laugh myself into hysterics over the story.

"It seems they were living in some Bloomsbury lodging house, doing their poor little bests to make their small income cover expenses, by cooking eggs on the sly in their rooms, and going to bed on cheese-and-biscuit suppers and doing a part of their washing and ironing. They had a quaint American method of ironing by plastering wet things onto marble mantels and window panes, and they went on merrily in this way till the little one, who looks solemn and innocent, got them into a terrible scrape by meddling with other people's business. It seems she discovered that they weren't the only poor gentlefolk in the house. There was a young man lodger underneath them who washed out his own handkerchiefs. What did the little mouse do but steal into his sitting room, paste his handkerchiefs all over his front windows and disgrace the looks of the front of the house to such an extent that the landlady, who saw the front view, suddenly made it a rule that no washing and ironing should be done in the house. They had to move.

"But they didn't have any furniture for a flat, though they wanted to take a flat. The thing that appealed

to them about a flat was that they would not have to pay any rent for three months. In America, it seems, you have to pay rent by the month in advance, and our system of quarterly payment appealed to these young economists. They got the flat, borrowed a bed and a couch from some American friends, bought soap and drapers' boxes for two pence each and turned them into chairs and tables, rented a gas stove for cooking and started in. They had a penny-in-the-slot gas-meter, and they described very gleefully and vividly how they invited all their friends to 'watch how the gas worked by putting a penny in,' and that in this way their gas bill was always provided for."

Lady Rendon sat back and laughed merrily. "Would anybody in the world think of such a thing but an American?" she asked. "Well, when they had arranged for this make-shift furnishing, the next question was how to get food. They decided to try living on 'samples.' I didn't know till they told me that there are certain American firms so anxious to introduce their tinned soups, vegetables, breakfast foods into England that they advertise to send out samples free on application by post-card.

"They wrote their post card applications and were soon stocked with soups—each can held enough for two persons—all kinds of shredded things such as the Americans eat for their breakfast with cream, tins of condensed milk of new kinds, new varieties of chocolate, and they actually got in samples of tea, coffee, besides different 'health foods,' which it seems a number of American sanitariums want to introduce over here.

"Then, instead of doing only their small pieces of laundry work at home, they did all their washing and ironing; washed things, by the way, with the various soap samples they got!"

Lady Rendon glanced up at her brother whose face, she noticed, was unaccountably red. "Now confess that this is interesting and that you are dying to meet my *protégées*!" she said.

"I confess to it," he answered, laughing. "I really cannot explain to you how very particular an interest I have in wanting to



DRAWN BY EMILE NELSON

"I've brought my brother to see you and your rugs."

know these adepts in the science of economy!"

"Of course," said his sister, "they're not living wholly on samples now. That experience was when they first went into the flat and before I became their first and star customer and patron. They are having an easier time now, poor dears, though the little one is rather upset at the idea that she is not making any money with her voice yet, since the rug expert has turned her profession to account; but I really think little Mary will get a few engagements after she is properly introduced and I intend to make it my business to introduce her properly. By the way, would you like to go there with me tomorrow to call on them?"

"Why not this afternoon?"

"Certainly, if you say so, though it is rather late. I really believe you are interested!"

"I am."

"My dears," said Lady Rendon, as she hustled into the little Westminster flat a half hour later, "I've brought my brother to see you and your rugs. Miss Maltby, Sir Edwin Blackmore, and Miss Jarvis, Sir Edwin Blackmore. There, now! I've been telling Ned all about you, and he's as interested in rugs and things as possible!"

A scarlet flush on Mary's face, and a half suppressed giggle from Ann, attracted Lady Rendon's attention. Sir Edwin was saying,

"My sister was telling me that you were famous economists, and having been, perforce, something of an economist myself in a humble way, I have now for several months been carrying about a secret which concerns an attempt at economy on my part one week when I had lent fifty pounds to a hard up friend, and I am wondering if you could explain the matter to me. During that particular week my laundryman had refused to do any more

washings for me till I settled the old bill, and in such straits I tried to do some of it myself. A fairy or fairies entered my room surreptitiously, first made window curtains of my handkerchiefs and then came back and ironed them. Could you explain to me what the curtaining of the windows had to do with the ironing?"

Sir Edwin's face was beaming. Lady Rendon screamed out, "Oh, Ned, it was you!" Ann was doing her poor best at self-control and poor Mary seemed to be undecided whether to laugh or cry. It was Lady Rendon who saved the situation by suddenly saying, "Poor Mrs. Rogers!" and then the laughter of the four cleared the air.

It was three months afterwards that Sir Edwin, sitting upon the couch with its luxurious Smyrna rug covering said softly to Mary,

"I don't deny what you say that Miss Maltby is a very clever young woman to have thought up this scheme of earning a livelihood and furnishing your flat, but I have somewhat against her. According to all reports my efforts at laundry work appealed to her sense of humor, while with you it was different. It excited your pity." Then with sudden, mock solemnity, he said,

"Did you know, Mary, that pity is sometimes very dangerous because of its awkward relation? It is akin to love, you know!"

"Yes," returned Mary, burying her face, now beautiful with happiness, on his shoulder, "I really believe it is."

"If you were not such a famous economist yourself, we should not dare to venture out on so beggarly an income as six hundred pounds a year, but somehow I have an idea we might manage," went on the young man.

"Yes," whispered Mary, "both being economists, I think we might try!"

# The New Number Seven

BY J. E. CALKINS

After all, there was plenty of time; the big station clock lacked nearly ten minutes of the start, and he need not have hastened so, regardless of all beholders; still William Garth Harshall felt a great relief as he pushed through the loitering crowd inside the fence, and through the ticket gate, and found the train, the new Number Seven, actually there, in all the splendor of her brilliant paint and varnish, waiting for the precise second of her start on a card never before attempted.

At the forward end of the chair car, half-way to the engine, a group of four men, chatting close together, opened ranks to greet him.

"Well, you got here!" said Barkalow, the general passenger agent, darting a long shaft of cigar smoke off into the deeper murk of the cavernous train shed before he spoke. "I didn't know but you would get left, with the short notice I gave you."

"Yes, sir," responded Harshall, unobtrusive but respectful, "I had to make it." They noticed that he was breathing heavily. He had run three blocks.

"I have just been telling Mr. Barkalow, here, how sorry I am that he is not going instead of you, for now the passenger department will get all the honors," said Alling, the general superintendent. He laughed genially at his own joke.

"It is going to be pretty hard for us fellows from the operating department to keep our end up, only three of us youngsters against Mr. Harshall." This from Wickes, superintendent of motive power. As he said it he turned from a long, cool contemplation of Harshall. Not a trace of smile, or friendliness, or even amiability, did his cynical face show. Wickes was the coldest man in the service of the company, and he said the thorniest things. Nobody expected flowery speech of him.

"Billy, don't let them worry you," said Manly, with genial consolation. "What-

ever glory you win you'll have all to yourself. Look at me! If I do anything to distinguish myself on this trip I shall have to hand all the credit over to my superior officers here." Manly smiled pleasantly. Since he had come to the company with the other new appointments he had been the live force of the general manager's office, after the general manager himself.

So they all had their fling but Barkalow. Why not? Harshall was nothing more than a trusted clerk in the office of Barkalow, the general passenger agent; often laden with real official responsibilities, but none the less a mere untitled clerk. He was but a boy of twenty-three or -four, winsome of face and manner, pleasant, courteous, neat, and everlastingly reliable. Barkalow told the first vice-president Harshall had the traits of a born passenger traffic man. Those who had been chaffing him were men grown old in the business, while he had long years ahead before he climbed to their level. And there were the three of them to start the new train in service. Yet Barkalow was sending Harshall, boy or man, as the sole representative of the passenger department.

They all stood looking after him as he walked on to the head of the train, inspecting it in detail, clear to the cylinders of the colossal compound 913, which stood, gently breathing in feed water and exhaling wisps of steam, while Bruce Collins, whom his fellows called Birdseye, wiped, and oiled, and petted about her.

"Sure, she'll make it!" The engineer did not look up till he had thus answered, for he and Harshall were well enough acquainted to know each other by the voice. "She'll make it like a runaway gravel train on a frosty hill."

He climbed up the straight iron steps to the gangway. "Going 'long with us?" he asked. "Good! You'll see how it is done, then." With that he turned to his side of the cab again to test the air in response to the whistle

signal, and blow a signal in reply, and to start the bell. Within a minute he was pulling at the throttle with coaxing little tugs, the steam was jetting from the cylinder cocks with increasing reiteration, and with a start so smooth and easy that it was almost imperceptible, the run for which the road had been preparing for weeks, even months, had begun, promptly on the second.

Beginning with the inhabited end of the combination smoker and baggage car, as they pulled out into the dull leaden daylight, Harshall made a careful survey of the train and passengers. There were three men in the smoker; buried among the high-back seats of the day coach he found twelve passengers; the chair car had ten, and in the parlor car at the rear, the porter said, there were four; twenty-nine in all. It was better than he had expected, but not as good as Barkalow had hoped.

For the new Number Seven was Barkalow's pet proposition, conceded by the management after long and persistent plea and argument. The president and the second vice-president disliked high speeds because they hammered the road and the rolling-stock so hard, and the general manager feared the moral effect of failure; but below the general manager the entire operating department was restless for the trial.

The schedule, 426 miles in ten hours, called for an average, including stops, of 42.6 miles an hour. This was fast enough for a limited train; still into this time Barkalow proposed to inject a stop at each of the 52 stations, the handling of passengers, mail and baggage at each of them, besides two changes of engines, and the usual coal and water stops. Men of other roads declared it could not be done, thereby rendering Barkalow doubly anxious and determined that it should be done. Prestige, sensational free advertising, all the notoriety of a spectacular performance, a dispatch in the Associated Press, and a good chance of winning the next fast mail contract, all were made to loom large in the eyes of the other officers by his showing, and finally the shops got the order to build the two handsome new trains for the new

Number Seven and Number Eight, for it was to be a full two-way service.

If ever new trains were advertised these were, and especially the new Number Seven. Newspapers, magazines, billboards and every free advertising dodge that the resourceful Barkalow knew, were worked to the limit. He well knew that it is harder, slower, costlier, to introduce a new train to public notice than it is to introduce any other thing, and worked accordingly. He appeared to be possessed by it; and then, an hour before the start, instead of himself heading the official escort of this inaugural run, he had called Harshall in and bidden him make the trip in his place, sole representative of the department. Barkalow's reason for staying was sufficient, but why had Harshall been chosen to go in Barkalow's place? He didn't know till he turned the corner of the parlor car smoking room, and saw her face light up with welcome at sight of him, half a dozen seats away. Then he said to himself, he understood! It was all a providential arrangement to enable him to see Frances Foreman in this way, since it appeared that he was not likely to see her in any other.

For the past six months Harshall had been thinking of her most of the time, though in two months he had barely seen her. In the first half year of their acquaintance he had found her interesting, and he had found that every time they met his interest grew stronger; but it was not till she left the city, and was away for months, that he found how vital that interest had become to him. It was a very dull and dreary town she left him with, but by way of killing time he worked harder. Among the products of this activity were a new excursion ticket form which the company adopted with satisfaction, some unique ideas in advertising, and a move up one desk nearer to that of assistant general passenger agent.

Then she came back, and he enjoyed and suffered all the distractions of an intermittent series of encounters with her until, two months before, it all somehow seemed to end. He called, and found her out; called and found her out; ar-

rived late at a party and found her card almost filled. One dance was all she could give him, for she was one of those girls whose cards are filled early in the evening. Again he called, and found her out, and then he got into the midst of the preparations for the new trains. By some chance Barkalow had turned most of those details upon him, and how he had worked! It had veritably been night and day with him. Just one evening he had had off, the night of Johnny Bell's theater party. Up to that night he had lived on the memory of that dance; since that night he had lived on the memory of that perfumed evening; a memory so real that sometimes he half fancied it to be a distinct presence. And now here she was, her very self, more charming and more adorable than ever, a passenger with him to the end of the day. Outside that car might be the chilling winds and dreary, lifeless landscape, and general discomfort of March at its worst, but within it was the season of flowers and singing birds, and the air was laden with perfume as he held her hand, and there was music in the voice of her greeting.

"I am delighted to see you again," he said, holding her hand as long as he dared, and taking a long, transporting look at her friendly face and eyes.

"And I am very glad to see you," she answered. "It seemed that you would never find me at home," she laughed, "so I came to-day to give your fine new train a send-off, and return your calls." And of course he had to laugh with her at this.

"It is very kind of you," he said, with impressive emphasis. "We had everything but a mascot, and now we will have that." She smiled and fumbled at something at her belt, inside her loose, clinging furs.

"See! I came to bring you luck," she said. She was working to detach a little gold-mounted rabbit's foot.

"No, no! Don't take it off!" he begged. "You wear it yourself. You will break the charm, you know." With that it came loose and she offered it in her open hand.

"Oh, very well, then!" he said, taking

it. "Where am I to wear it to secure the best effect?"

"Why, right here." She took it again and deftly fastened it beside the charm on his watch chain.

"It looks good," he said, as they slowed down at their first station stop. "I am going out on the platform with it here, to see if it will work."

No time was lost at that stop. The men jumped at their work. Two mail sacks and a truck were heaved in at the side door of the forward car, four passengers were taken on, and they were under way again in just 38 seconds. Of those four passengers, three entered the chair car and one the coach. He was not superstitious to a high degree, but what railroad man ever fought clear of the spell of number thirteen?

Up in the coach, with seats turned facing, Alling, Wickes and Manly were ensconced, making an official record of the run. Alling held a stop watch, and caught the time as Wickes called it at the precise moment of stopping and starting at each station, while Manly kept the record and figured the speeds.

"I guess you'll be able to find a seat," said Alling, as Harshall drew up to them.

"No trouble, now," said Harshall, ignoring the thrust at the predominating emptiness, and Barkalow's great expectations. "But they will fill up farther down the line, and a month from now the people will be crying because they can't all get on."

"Don't load her too heavy, or she won't make the time!" warned Wickes. This was plain sarcasm, careless of whom it hit. Harshall was spurred by it to retort, "Well, it looks now as if the passenger department might have plenty to do to keep ahead of the hard luck the operating department has organized for it. We have engine 913, to begin with. The sum of the figures that compose that number is another 13. We have coach 1331, and we now have 13 passengers in both it and the chair car. I don't see that you overlooked any hoodoos for this trip."

"Good thing," said Wickes, incisively, his black eyes flashing anywhere but straight at Harshall's gray ones. "I am

glad there is something to give you fellows up there on the velvet carpet something to worry over, along with the rest of us. In the meantime, instead of interrupting us at our labors here, you might try a hand at soothing that old lady in the rear car. She was afraid to get on for fear of the speed of this train. If she is frightened now any worse than she was at the start she will probably jump off somewhere along here."

Inside of a minute Harshall had found her, almost across the aisle from Frances Foreman; and in less than five minutes he had given her at least seven reasons why the new Number Seven was the safest train she could have taken.

"I wouldn't tell you this if I didn't believe it, if I didn't know it," he said. "You look so much like my mother that I wouldn't deceive you if I could." She looked up at him trustfully, and smiled. "Now here is the fact," he went on:

"The fast train, and especially a new fast train like this one, is the safest train of them all, because particular care is taken with it. It is on the dispatcher's mind more than any other, and if he ever makes a mistake it will not be made with this one. The road is cleared for it, the track is inspected for it, the switches are watched with unusual care for it, everybody is thinking about it, and talking about it, and so attention is generally on it; the train itself is given closer attention than any other; its cars, wheels, couplings, brakes, engine, and everything else, all have close and continual inspection, and all the way through the care and precautions taken are unusual. The only thing against us is such extra danger as comes from fast running, and that is very slight. Now, don't you worry, for you are going through all right."

His voice was soothing and encouraging, and she smiled as though she were satisfied. "I am glad it is all right," she said, as if she believed him. The woman in the chair behind her looked as if she too had been reassured. He had taken pains to speak so that she could catch every word.

Across the aisle, his chair, facing Frances Foreman's, was empty. It called

to him with an urgency of appeal that he found very hard to withstand. But when the run was ended Barkalow would want to know things from him as if he, himself, had been there to see them. For that day he was Barkalow's eyes. He halted only long enough to say, as he touched the rabbit's foot suggestively, "It worked. We got four more passengers at that stop."

"I knew it would work," said she, brightly. "I wished it on!"

There was plenty to look after, but it was not in the parlor car. In the chair car he found a woman who complained of the heat, and two others who thought it was chilly. Two of them he satisfied with a change of seats; and he labored with the porter at transoms and steam valves till he struck the right combination for the other. Then there was a timid woman, with superabundant luggage and a fretful child, and no end of worry about a connecting train. He made the time card plain reading to her, and sent a telegram to advise the connection that she was coming. He found three men who conversed agreeably regarding the feat the new train was undertaking, and hoped it would be a success; one man who had several suggestions to offer, and one who grumpily refused to be drawn into any admission that anything pleased him, or that he wanted anything.

By the time this was done a tall, red-faced stock shipper, on his way back from the city, had made advances of friendliness that were visibly alarming to the lone woman in the seat behind him, and upon him Harshall descended with all the suavity that had won him Barkalow's attention at a country town, three years before; not a hint that the fellow was making a nuisance of himself; just simple, pleasant, soft-spoken, unconventional friendliness. It won from the word. In three minutes the man was following Harshall to the smoker, lured by the suggestion that they go thither and fume together in amity and comfort. Before they had settled down with the best cigar Harshall had in his pockets—and Barkalow always insisted that such courtesies be worth accepting—the man

had the good fortune, for Harshall, to find a friend whom he had not met in three years, with whom, after boisterous introductions, he straightway fell into such engrossing conversation that he forgot there was a chair car. Leaving him thus firmly anchored, Harshall slipped his cable and drifted back to assure the timorous woman that he was harmless for the present, and that in any event she should be protected. It was half an hour before he got back to his seat in the parlor car.

"From what I have been hearing about you," she said, "I imagine the charm is working beautifully."

"I only wish I had had it six months ago," he said, regarding her closely. "You can't imagine how much I wanted to see you that last night I called. I had something I wanted to tell you very much."

That something had been only his own promotion. His remark had been innocent enough, but when he saw the look of confusion it brought to her face he blushed and grew nervous himself, at a sudden comprehension of the other meaning she had taken from his words. Before he could say anything further, either to help the situation or make it worse, the air was rent by a succession of shrill warning whistles, and past their window they caught a swift glimpse of a wrecked wagon, and a man running. Then the brakes clutched and gritted on the wheels, they surged forward in their seats, stopped with a chug. The train was backed up to a highway crossing, and a dumfounded man was seen walking about between an overturned wagon and a twisted and crumpled horse, that lay very still against a broken panel of fence, fifty feet away.

Half the people on the train came swarming about the place, while the conductor took the man's statement, Alling aiding him, Wickes standing by, and Harshall on the rear platform, looking on. The horse had balked on the track and been killed, but his owner had jumped in time to escape unhurt. The damage was slight, and presently they all came back to the cars.

As by inspiration, Harshall saw his

duty. The conductor, and the operating men aiding him, had got a statement that would protect the company in the event of a claim for damages, but that would not prevent some among the passengers carrying away wrong impressions and magnifying the incident into an accident. There was not a second to lose. "My friends!" he called out. They all halted at the rear of the train to hear.

"I just want to say," said Harshall, speaking clearly, "that you have all heard that this is a fast train, and some of you have heard about unusual danger in riding on it, but you have been in no danger from what has happened here. If we had been running slow, with a light engine of the old style, we might be in the ditch now; but we were going sixty-five miles an hour when we hit that horse, and the engine pulling us weighs 120 tons. No horse on earth could ever throw it off the track. It was rough on the horse, but he should not have balked between the rails, as he did. As for the rest of us, he put us in no danger whatever. Mr. Alling, here, is the general superintendent of this company, and has been an active railroad man twenty-six years. Ask him, if you don't believe me."

He turned to move into the car, but a soft pressure on his arm detained him, and a low voice said, almost in his ear, "That was—just—splendid!" He saw her facing him with eyes shining. The next instant Alling passed them. "I wish Bark had been here to listen to that speech," he said, with quiet emphasis.

The train was filling up, and the incident at the crossing broke the ice. It was a conversational meeting point at which, even though strangers, the passengers could venture to become acquainted. There was a hum of conversation all over the chair car, and in the coach Alling and Wickes were in the center of a group of interested passengers, to whom they were expounding the mechanics of collisions at varying speeds. As Harshall entered, the stockman was explaining that he had been asking questions only to draw forth information; not because he doubted the statements made. He

said he knew that young fellow was right, every word he said.

"Wasn't you, pardner?" he demanded loudly, as he caught sight of Harshall's face. "You're all right! You bet you are!" The people laughed, and somehow Harshall felt that he had been complimented.

"It was a good thing we hit that fellow," said Wickes. "The left rear driver is heating, and that stop gave Collins a chance to cool it down."

"Is it bad?" asked Harshall anxiously. Of all delays he most dreaded to drag along nursing a hot journal, or to lag behind the schedule with a slow engine.

"Not very," said Wickes. "It seems to be running cooler."

There was so much to do, keeping a lookout at stations on the way things were handled, meeting the people and getting their expressions of compliment or criticism, and noting various small details, that Harshall not only forgot the hot box, but forgot that it was dinner time, till he found both his seat and hers empty. She had gone to lunch with Alling, who knew her as the daughter of a valued friend. He had been too busy making acquaintances. He believed that the way to make a train popular is to give the people what they want, and that the way to know what they want is to find it out from them at first hand; so it was past the second dinner call before he remembered. He ate with a chance acquaintance of the morning instead of with her.

She was reading when he returned from the diner, but she laid down the magazine, and looked up with kindly interest.

"I hope you enjoyed your lunch," he said.

"Indeed I did," she said. "It is always pleasant to listen to nice things about one's friends, you know."

"Why, yes, so it is," he said, pausing, watch in hand, to catch the second as a mile post flew past, and then looking from the window for the next, though he would rather have looked at her than at the face of any watch on earth. From their speed he judged that Collins must have cured the heating journal on the

engine, for they were flying. They would go into River Bend on time. The white post made a quick flash past the window, and he looked up.

"Pretty good," he said.

"How fast was it?" she asked.

"Forty-three seconds, that last mile. We have a stretch of twelve miles along Black River here that is straight and level. McLevin's race course they call it. It is a famous place for making time. I am holding fast to that rabbit's foot charm, you see." He held it up as he spoke. "We've got the '13' witchcraft aboard this train in a way that is trying to weak nerves."

"Mercy!" she cried, in mock alarm; "what do you suppose is going to happen?"

"It has happened," he answered, gravely.

"That horse, you mean?"

"No. It happened to me, and it happened months ago." He was looking at her with a strange intentness for which she seemed to have no reply ready. "I have been wanting," he said, but said no more, for as he spoke the girl bent quickly to the window, and then cried excitedly, "Oh, look! What is it? Have we struck another wagon?"

Truly it looked as if they had, for there was a wheel that looked very like a wagon wheel running along beside them, now gliding where it was smooth, then leaping as high as the car roof when it met an obstruction, and scattering the earth and sand in showers when it came down again. Its plungings were more fascinating than any motion either of them had ever beheld, and they watched it breathlessly from the same window, she in her chair, he standing by her and leaning over her. He became suddenly conscious of the engineer's call for brakes, hand brakes! Where was the air? They were slowing down, out in the country. The wheel swerved, tore a hole through a six-foot bank as large as a team would need for passage, and as they came to a stop it circled around in a narrowing spiral, and finally toppled and died.

"I guess the '13' witch is at work," he said. "Come on. Let us see what it is."

## THE RED BOOK

There was fresh mud and cinder ballast on the lower step as he opened the vestibule and led the way to the ground, and at intervals of twenty-odd feet, outside the ends of the ties, were rough, fresh-dug holes that looked as if they had been made by explosions; but every wheel was on the rails, and there was no visible obstruction. The engineer and fireman and one or two others were standing by the engine staring at it, and so they hastened thither, well ahead of the outpour of people behind them.

Undoubtedly there was trouble with the engine, but it took Harshall more than one look to clearly grasp it. The main-rod had snapped midway between the drivers, its forward half attached to the forward wheel, but bent far out of line; the cab, shattered and splintered on the fireman's side, and hanging by a few slivers as it seemed; the empty space under that broken woodwork where a few moments before the mighty wheel had whirled them along with the speed of the hurricane; and the ten-inch axle, shorn off flush with the outer edge of the journal, and heated through to a yellow glow that scorched the hand that was stretched near it.

"I guess there's where your wheel came from, Frances," said Harshall. "It is off our own wagon, this time!" She looked at him with eyes that were eloquent, but without a word.

It was a strangely awed group of passengers that gathered to hear the brief words of the engineer and fireman, that excitedly traced the leaps of the errant wheel, noted the holes dug by the broken side-rod, and looked at the runaway wheel, now safely tame. The train had run a mile and a half from the point where it broke away. Just ahead of the engine was the low wooden bridge across Black River's deep, muddy channel; and away down the track was the figure of the flagman who was hurrying to River Bend with the word that was to bring the relief engine.

"That wheel weighs 6,700 pounds, gentlemen," said Wickes, "and we were doing just about eighty-four miles an hour when we lost it."

"Never mind what the wheel dressed!" said the stockman in a strident voice. "Where's that speech maker? I want to see him jump in here and show me that this here's the best thing that could ha' happened. Here, young feller," as he caught sight of Harshall; "trot out yer lecture here, and come a-runnin'!"

They opened away from him, and gathered before him so that he was left to face the whole company, all but her. She was still close to him. He felt her fingers clutch his sleeve and understood the unspoken language of that touch. What had been a mere opportunity before had become a duty now, and one he could not shirk. He had thought of the company's interests only when he made that talk in the morning, but now it was different. He thought only of her whose eyes were on him and whose sympathy had been so covertly but so unmistakably extended. If he did not rise to this occasion he would fail in her eyes. They were waiting for him to say something.

"I am afraid," he began, with every eye on him, "I may have brought embarrassment upon myself in making that speech to some of you this morning, because I may not be able to make you see, as I do, that in this present breakdown we are the happiest of the lucky; and yet, perhaps, you may see it." He looked aside and saw her gazing as if she were fascinated, and when he addressed them again it was with the steadiness of one who has done that thing till it is an old story.

"For seventy-five miles," he told them, "that driver journal had been running warm, but not hot. At the last stop it seemed to be cooling, so Mr. Collins, here, thought he could make up the time we had lost.

"Now, it is not a rare thing for an engine to throw a driver. It happens at slow speeds as well as others. Two weeks ago it happened on a slow freight on the Southeastern, not fifty miles from here. The engine went into the ditch, and several cars were wrecked. On a western road, a few years ago, an engine pulling a heavy train up a one per cent grade lost all four of her drivers at once. So you see speed is not the essential cause.

"In the present instance we may suppose that the journal, being almost white-hot clear through, had been crystallized by the jar of the fast running till it had become brittle enough to snap off; but other journals have been as hot as this and not snapped, so nobody knows. Nobody knows when it will happen, and nobody ever clearly knows why it has happened.

"There is just one thing of which I feel certain, and that is that whatever the high speed had to do with the breaking of that axle, it was the high speed that held us to the rails and prevented a wreck. It is very difficult to derail an engine going nearly eighty-five miles an hour, and while ours might have climbed up in the air and off the track, if it had been going thirty-five miles an hour, it had no chance to do any such thing at eighty-five miles an hour. That speed actually held it to the track till it had accommodated itself to the absence of the lost wheel, and after that it was safe at even a low speed as long as the track was straight, as this is here.

"So, to sum it up, my friends, we had an ordinary mishap, but we were kept from harm by our extraordinary speed. Did any of you ever swing a bucket of water in a circle so as to pass it over your head? And did you ever notice that the faster you swung it the more certain it was not to spill? Did you notice how that wild wheel kept straight ahead, through everything, as long as it had speed?"

It was a few seconds before they realized that he had finished, but when he turned away from them the red-faced man who had called for the speech shouted, "Say, young man, you're all right! Ain't he?" turning to the others. "Ain't he just all right? You bet he is! And yer railroad's all right, too, if yer old ingine is tryin' to run on seven wheels 'stead of eight."

Men interrupted him with compliments and questions, and some of them with doubts. It was three or four minutes before he could reach the girl who had stood by him. She was waiting for him with a smile. "You can guess what I think of that speech," she said.

"Yes," he said, "I guess I can." He turned up the track. "Come," he said; "let us get away from them."

At the end of the bridge they stood, looking down into the muddy flood, with dirty, drifting ice, and up the track at the white puff of steam that grew rapidly nearer and larger.

"I didn't say what would have happened if that broken side-rod had gone digging among the ties of this old bridge," he said. The thunder of the relieving engine, now near at hand, kept them silent till it had passed, backing down on the head of the cripple. Then he said, "And I haven't told you yet. I have come near it twice to-day, and then, each time, we have had an accident. By the rule that holds among all railroad men there is to be a third, so while we are here, where it seems safe enough, I want——"

His words were drowned by the whistle sounding a recall to the straying passengers. The bell began to ring. Alling, beside the train, was frantically signaling them to hurry.

"We shall have to run," she cried, catching her skirts and hastening from him. The train was already in motion when he swung her up the steps. It was a slow run to River Bend, but after that, with fifty minutes of lost time to catch, there was no loitering for the train and no chance for him. Manly claimed him with voluble congratulations; then came the stockman, insisting on more of that good talk, and turning the affair into a veritable house warming. Within ten minutes all the strangers in the car were talking as if they had known each other for years. Then the big fellow insisted upon dragging Harshall into the chair car and stirring them up in there, so they campaigned thither. And in the midst of this good nature the timid little woman, whom he had frightened earlier in the day, found in him a friend of her early life, and he found in her somebody he had long wished to meet again, and the fervor of his greeting was something delightful. He took charge of her for the rest of her trip. It took him two hundred miles out of his way, but he did not tell her, and he

didn't care. He declared he had never had as fine a day in his life, on any road.

Eager with impatience to complete the statement he had attempted back there on the river bank, Harshall was unable to get back to Frances. When he finally did look into her car Alling was sitting with her; so he went back to the jolly crowd again till she should be alone.

But when Alling came in Wickes left, saying he was going to ride with the engineer from the next stop, and asking Harshall to help Manly keep the record. So there went an hour, and it drew on to five o'clock.

After a time Alling finished his chat with a passenger, and relieved Manly for a turn up and down the aisle. Manly stayed till the first supper call. Then Alling left him and Wickes to keep the record, and took Harshall to supper with him. She was alone when they came back, but he could not stop for more than a casual word, because Alling and he must relieve Wickes and Manly for their supper hour. And Wickes and Manly, when they got to table, dawdled more unconsciously than even Alling had done; and it had looked as if Alling were actually killing time. Meantime they had made a great run over the middle division, and one of the big 2100's was jerking them along, almost on time again, and not half an hour out. By the time Wickes and Manly came in it lacked only ten minutes of the finish, and his growing suspicion had been expanded into certainty that Alling and they had been conspiring to keep him away from her. Was she in the plot too? The lights of the city were twinkling through the night when Manly came up, smiling.

"I will relieve you now, Billy," he said; "and here is a friend of yours who has some business with you." Harshall turned to face the stockman, who was unfolding a paper.

"On behalf of the passengers on this train, Mr. Passenger Man," he began, "I want to hand you this, with their compliments and best wishes. We've had more fun than we ever done on any train in our lives, and I hope that we'll see you again, and often."

The document set forth the satisfaction of the signers with the service of the new Number Seven, their thanks for courtesies rendered by the officials of the company, and, in particular, their compliments to Mr. Harshall for his tireless efforts to promote their happiness and secure their comfort. The signatures were scrawls, but they were nearly ninety in number. The body of the paper was in Wickes's handwriting. Wickes hardly met Harshall's inquiring eye.

"You're right! I wrote it," he said in his crisp way. "Any objections?"

"You see," explained Manly, "you fellows in the passenger department get so swelled up over a little thing like a new train that the operating department has to haul you down once in a while. But, understand, we three helped a little, but your friend here, Mr. Jim Smiley, of Two Bear, Nebraska, is the man who started it and did the fine work. And he's a good one, is Jim Smiley!" Harshall found himself grasping hands with Mr. Smiley, the red-faced stockman, as if they had been long lost brothers. "He handled this thing so that you never suspected; now, did you, Billy?"

Harshall suddenly realized that passengers were blocking the aisles both ways and standing up in the seats to see. He did not notice when Alling took the paper from him. The next time he saw it, it lay on Barkalow's desk. He found something filling his eyes, and then his throat; not that they had done so much, but that it was such a surprise. He tried to tell them that he could not thank them, but the workings of his face made apologies for his failure. He heard Jim Smiley's voice roar, "Let 'im out, there!" And somehow he found the door. He knew it was not a graceful exit, but there were only two or three minutes left, for they were well into the city.

She looked up, her face warm and rosy, as he came up the aisle. "You have seen it!" she cried. "I know. I can see it by your looks."

"Yes," said he, "they broke it to me gently a few seconds ago. I have just got away from them. But you, you haven't told me yet. I tried to ask you back there at the river, and twice before

to-day, if you would be willing to make the run with me, clear through. I haven't very much to offer, but I couldn't help asking you if you would consider it."

His eyes were earnestly intent upon her face, but her face was bent down, and her eyes regarded the carpet. She seemed to have forgotten that there were furs to be buttoned or luggage to be gathered, for the first lights of the station were gliding past their window. The brakes tightened and they stopped. She rose before him, and he quickly rose with her, standing very close beside her. And at last she looked up.

"Billy," she said, very softly, "even if I hadn't seen the telegram that Mr. Alling sent to Mr. Barkalow at River Bend this afternoon—about you, I should think that I was making a great mistake if I did not consider it. Don't you?"

Seven minutes later Barkalow turned away from the long distance telephone in his home, with every mark and indication of satisfaction. "It was from Alling, Mary," he said to his wife, answering her look of inquiry. "He says Number Seven went in on time to the minute, with everybody happy. I'll bet you that train is a winner."

---

## The Sacking of Lac de Vie

BY HENRY M. HYDE

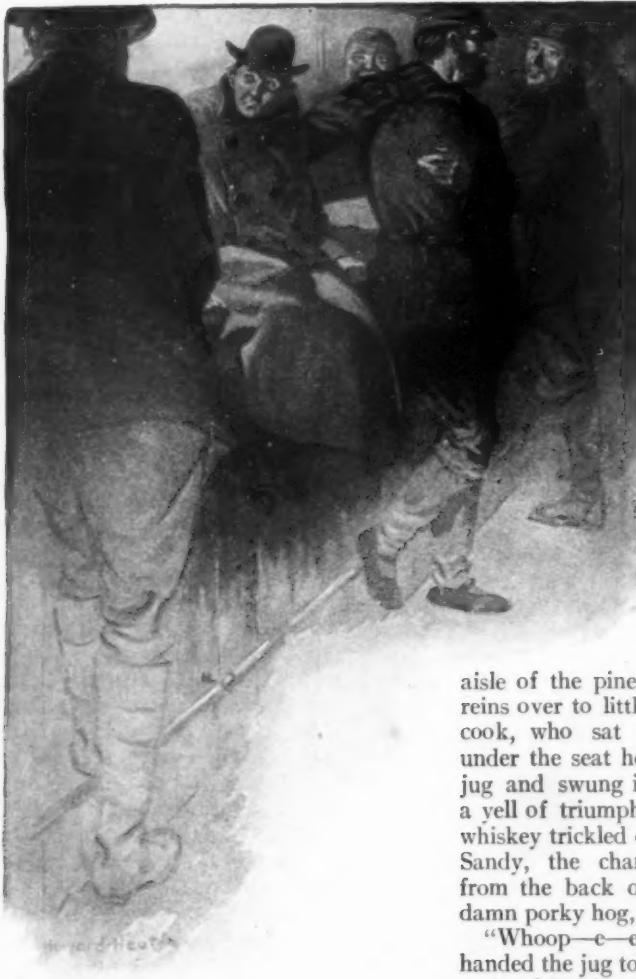
The deep snow was beginning to get soft and soggy. The winter's cut of Norway and pine, dumped on the frozen surface of Little Squaw Creek, had broken through and now lay behind the great booms, each boom, lashed with a two inch chain, holding back a thousand thirty foot logs, which muttered and grumbled restlessly among themselves, as if anxious to be off on their wild journey to the distant mills.

Cle's crew of expert rivermen, wearing calked packs and armed with pike poles and cant hooks, were making ready to drive the monsters—wildest of all wild horses and most daring of all rough riders—down the rip-roaring rapids of the south fork of the Flambeau. That left old Gray Jim to bring in the rest of the boys from Hardy & Simpson's No. 6 on his tote-sled. It was twenty twisting miles through the great woods from the camp to the village of Lac de Vie—Lake of Life.

Gray Jim, just turned forty, with only the marks of the first frost about the ragged edges of his bushy black beard, was boss of the lumber-jacks, by virtue of his skill as an axe man, his endurance as a cross-cut sawyer, the address and delicacy with which he could wedge a hundred foot, tottering pine into the exact cradle where it was desired to lie. Besides, in the sub-

consciousness of every man there floated acknowledgement of Jim's superiority in matters of book learning. It was traditional that back in Maine, twenty years before, he had even served as a country school teacher; but that was a closed chapter. Jim and his mates had been in the woods for five solid months, with never a break save at Christmas, when a wandering booze-cruiser smuggled a three gallon demi-john of raw "skee" into the sleeping shack. Then all hands had gone on a wild orgy, which began with a stag dance in the eating shack on Christmas Eve, to the music of Gray Jim's fiddle, and ended only when Sweeley, the walking boss, coming over unexpectedly on snow shoes from No. 8, the next camp, nine miles further into the woods, beat Andy, the head-sawyer, into unconsciousness with an axe-helve.

Now they were going out of the woods for the summer, an even dozen lumber-jacks packed into the tote-sled, with four huge, bony, black horses slipping and struggling over the icy logging road ahead. Each of Gray Jim's "ponies" weighed nine-tenths of a ton, but they were as light on their feet as dancing girls. They were used to sitting back on their haunches, and sliding down a forty-foot, ice covered bank, a five ton pine log yammering



DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"I'm a-workin' over to Smith's new place."

down after them like an avalanche.

Twelve big lumber-jacks in the totesled, every man of them as full of strength and bounce as a bob-cat. It had been a good winter with them. Inside every green mackinaw was sewed a green hospital ticket, and all unused, thanks, as Frenchy, the river-driver said, to the gracious protection of Our Lady of the Snows. Their muscles were hard and corded; their veins boiled with red hot

blood. Long days of titan labor in the clean, biting air of the vast woods; long dreamless sleep in the bunk-shacks; huge nights of appetites and plenty of pork and beans, venison, soft bread, coffee and soup to satisfy them; these had been their portion for five constant months. Now they had cast the leash. And in every man's right trouser's pocket burned a double handful of big gold eagles!

Jim laid the long whip over the backs of the horses and sent them clattering down the high, white and green cathedral

aisle of the pines. Then he turned the reins over to little Pete, the Swede camp cook, who sat beside him. Reaching under the seat he pulled out a big stone jug and swung it over his shoulder with a yell of triumph. The fiery big-woods whiskey trickled down his throat and Big Sandy, the champion axe-man, yelled from the back of the sled: "Here, you damn porky hog, leave some for us!"

"Whoop—e—e!" yelled Jim, as he handed the jug to the next man and shook an insulting fist at the deserted log shacks of Hardy & Simpson's No. 6. Then he pulled on his thick wool mittens, lined with deerskin, the hair inside, took the reins from Pete, and began to roar a song, twelve voices, shrill or deep, chanting the last two lines:

Eighteen men in the old bateau!  
Allons! Allons! Just watch her go!  
I know a girl and I love her well!  
An' the walkin' boss-s—kin go to hell-l!

The village of Lac de Vie was dressed and waiting for the home coming of the lumber jacks from Hardy & Simpson's No. 6. The raw little settlement lay like a black scar on the heart of the great green

woods. Through it ran a ram-shackle lumber railroad; along its one street, at right angles to the track, straggled the one-storied rough lumber buildings, bright and yellow, or gray and weather-beaten, according to their age.

A dirty-brown fog almost hid the raw nakedness of the place. Through the fog to the west showed the blood-red ball of the declining sun. Against this redness the tall, blackened trunks of burned hemlocks and pine trees and the bleached stubs of ruined birches lifted their gaunt bare arms like so many black and white monuments to desolation.

Every other building on Lac de Vie's main—and only—street was ablaze with kerosene lamps. Gaudy lithographs hung in the newly polished windows showing various smiling nymphs, gorgeous in evening gowns and jewels, beaming a deceptive invitation out into the night. Across the store fronts were stretched freshly painted canvas banners. "Welcome back!" they said. "Black Jimmy's Lid-off Saloon and Cafe—Faro and Stud-Poker;" "Jacque Cartier's New Broadway Bar and Vaudeville;" "Murphy's Place—if You Don't See What You Want Ask For It." And so on. Twenty banners flung upon the outer wall bade the lumber-jacks welcome to the sacking of Lac de Vie.

The tote-sled came rushing over the bridge into Lac de Vie, with the tired horses on a gallop and twelve men singing at the top of their lungs:

Eighteen men in the old bateau!  
Allons! Allons! Just watch her go!  
So hunt your hole and run right down,  
For the lumber-jacks have come to town!

The sled stopped at the first saloon and Jim led in the crowd. Martin, the little Irish proprietor, had a round of drinks waiting on the bar. Big Dan ordered a second and Red Tom Dolan a third. Gold pieces were clinking and Martin's face wore an evil grin. But Jim called truce.

"Here, boys," he called down the line, "we've got to spread this out thinner. Nobody can hold this gait."

Jim felt a pull on his sleeve. He turned and faced a small, ferret-faced young man, wrapped in a fawn-colored overcoat with big, black pearl buttons.

"Say, won't you gents have a drink with me?" asked the stranger in a thin voice.

Big Jim reached forward and encircling the struggling figure with his arms, he lifted the little man into the air and set him down on top of the bar.

"This wants us to take a drink with it," he called down the line. "Will we do it?"

"We will not," chanted Big Sandy from the other end. "But he'll take two with us. All in favor say 'aye.' Carried unanimous. Bartender, do your duty."

"What's the game?" asked Jim of the frightened stranger, under cover of the uproar.

"Why, I'm a-workin' over to 'Cap' Smith's new place, ventured the little man from his perch. "Down next to the railroad station. The 'Cap's' from Chicago and he's got a swell place all right. Faro, chuck-a-luck, roulette, anythin' you want. Hope you gents won't forget us."

"Hey," Gray Jim called down the crowded bar, "some of you boys come with me and help make this little sport from Chicago feel at home."

Then Jim lifted the little man down from the bar and started out of Martin's and down towards the railroad station, with five of his fellows in his wake.

"Cap" Smith stood in the door of the log shack he had rented a week before and watched their progress. The "Cap" was a fat, rat-eyed, wild animal from the lairs of South Clark street. He had come up into the big woods for the first time with the idea of relieving the lumber-jacks of their earnings as quickly as possible. Everything had been properly arranged to that end. He could stop his roulette wheel at either red or black by pressing his foot on an electric button; his faro-box had a concealed spring by the use of which it was easy to make any card come win or lose; even the dice were loaded. In fact everything worked so smoothly that the "Cap," talking over the prospects the night before with little Cooney, the capper, his partner, had expressed his professional disgust of the ease of the operation which lay before them.

"Cooney," he said, "it's a shame to take the money. It's like taking pennies from the baby."

"Well, it better be easy," piped Cooney forlornly, sitting far back in his chair, his feet on the table. "It'll take easy money, and lots of it, to pay me for spending two weeks in this gosh-forsaken hole. Great cats! but it's lonesome. Why, 'Cap,' I lays awake all night a-shiverin' at the stillness of it. I—I—I"—he struggled vainly for the power of expression that was denied him. "I—I—Oh, I don't know what it is. But gosh—h-h!"

It was the street he was homesick for: the rattle of the "L" trains; the clang of the cable; the sweet voice of the lady inviting the copper on the corner of Harrison street to go plumb; the oily hot stink that comes up from the basements where the chinks are smoking their dope. But he couldn't put it into words. So, as miserable as a girl at her first boarding school, he shrank down, white-faced, into his burlesque blonde overcoat and groaned.

"Ring off, Cooney, for Mike's sake," blurted the 'Cap,' himself touched with nostalgia, "ring off, or you'll get me going in a minute. Here, have a drink. Mebbe if you do a good job of steering tomorrow we can clean up the crowd and make our get away on Saturday night."

But now as the "Cap" watched the lumber-jacks approaching to be plucked, the situation did not look so easy. He knew city toughs, and feared none of them. But these fellows—

They wore leather packs, tightly laced about their legs; red and blue checked mackinaws, belted at the waist; big woolen caps, from which hung down their long hair. They were tall and straight and bony, and as they came swinging through the snow, with little Cooney almost on a run to keep up with the fiercely bearded leader, the "Cap" felt a sudden wish for the familiar surroundings of South Clark street.

He stepped quickly inside the door and looked at himself, reassuringly, in the glass over the bar. His white jacket with black trimmings and black pearl buttons was spotless; under his fat dewlap a big diamond glittered in a black silk scarf. His long thick moustaches had been dyed a most buccaneer-like jet; his thin hair was tightly shaven; he judged his personal

appearance to be properly impressive. By the way of final precaution he shifted his revolver into the outside pocket of his jacket. Also, he took a bracer of brandy. It would never do to weaken with so much easy money in sight.

Little Cooney ushered in Gray Jim and his comrades.

"Evenin' gents," said the "Cap," with a stately nod of the head, one massive hand spread out flat on the bar. "What will you all have?"

They drank his health and then turned directly to the roulette wheel. The "Cap" casually pulled out a drawer in the table revealing several piles of greenbacks.

"Make your bets, gents," he said.

"A hundred she comes red," said Jim, arranging a handful of gold pieces on the table before him. "Let her spin."

"All down?" queried the "Cap" in a professional sing-song, as he gave the wheel a preliminary turn. "Black wins." He raked in Jim's money.

"Fifty on the black," returned Jim promptly. "Let her spin."

This time "Cap" allowed the pointer to stop on a black space and Jim gathered in his winnings.

"By way of gettin' quicker action," said the big lumber-jack, "two hundred goes this time on the red. Let her spin."

Now, in all his Clark street experience, the "Cap" had been called upon to handle few bets so large. It may be that made him a trifle nervous. At any rate his heavy foot, groping underneath the table for the proper button, came down hard on Jim's toes. But neither man showed any recognition of the incident. The wheel stopped on a star and the "Cap" swept Jim's gold eagles into the open drawer.

"That breaks me," said the lumberman nonchalantly, leaning back in his chair and stretching himself luxuriously. "Well, I must be hikin'."

"But, first allow me," urged the "Cap," stepping behind the bar.

"Naw," drawled Jim. "I don't like your brand. Come on boys."

"Pete," he said, a moment later, as they started across the street, "I wish you'd tell the rest of the boys to come over to Martin's a minute."



DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"Make your bets, gents!"

There, presently, the whole dozen sat on rough benches around the red-hot stove, their heads projecting forward into a vortex of tobacco smoke and mystery.

"It's a brace wheel," said Gray Jim. "He stepped on my foot while he was feelin' for the button."

There was a moment's silence while the tobacco smoke grew thicker.

"We might set a keg of powder underneath the joint," suggested Big Sandy, tentatively.

"No," Jim negatived the proposal. "I think we ought to—"

A timid knock sounded on the door of the saloon. Jim stepped slowly across the room and threw it open. Before him in the yellow glare of the lamps stood a tall figure, wrapped about the head and shoulders with a thick red bed comforter. Around its legs pieces of old carpet were tied with bits of rope. Inside a frame of long, straight black hair the face wore a stupid grin.

"Noble red man," Jim called back into the room. "Got the family along, Charlie?" he asked of the buck.

"Uh-h," grunted the Indian, grinning still more broadly and waving a hand fettered by the comforter back into the semidarkness. "Got brother and squaws."

There, humped up in a lingering snow drift stood a bony, little white Indian pony hitched with ropes to the front wheels of a wagon. To the top of the axle, between the wheels, was nailed a soap box, in which sat another Indian buck, wrapped like the first in ragged bed-clothes. Two long saplings trailed backward to the ground from the axle and across the support thus formed were tied some dirty bundles. At a respectable distance to the rear stood a couple of wrinkled squaws, bending under heavy loads, but grinning like their lords and masters.

"Come in, Injuns, and git warmed up," said Jim heartily. "Them poor devils have bust off the reservation to pick up some of our leavings," he explained to the crowd inside. Then they all turned again to the subject under discussion.

"That fat feller'd make a fine figger in swimmin'," suggested Red Tom Dolan. A real cold bath wouldn't do him a bit of harm. And he couldn't drownd nohow."

"Anyway, we've got to make a bon-fire out o' that wheel and the other truck," insisted little Pete.

"Better tie 'em both up good and solid and load 'em on the next south-bound freight," put in Andy.

Meantime Gray Jim sat a little apart, taking no vocal part in the conspiracy. He had tilted his chair back against the wall and his innocent blue eyes gazed now into vacancy, now rested with a quizzical look on the four Indians who had come into the room and sat in a forlorn and expectant group in one corner. A vague but pleasing inspiration had swept down the current of his thoughts and he was struggling to bring it to a solid footing. Presently he hitched his chair over into the circle.

"Here, boys," he said, waving a triumphant fore-finger. The twelve weather-beaten faces came close together in the clouds of tobacco smoke. In hoarsely suppressed whispers Jim laid his plan before them. As he went on, deep chuckles and profane ejaculations of delight bore witness to enthusiastic acquiescence.

"We'll all fix up," he concluded, "all but me. It wouldn't be any use anyhow, with this bunch of moss on my face, and besides you got to have an interpreter. How else could the savage and blood-thirsty red-skins talk to the pale face captives? Pete, go and tell 'Bud' Owens and Dan Casey, the storekeepers, that we want to see them."

"Bud" Owens, town marshal of Lac de Vie, came in presently, his official star pinned to his mackinaw. As he entered Big Sandy and two of his mates went out and down the street to "Cap" Smith's place. They entered and began to gamble once more on the roulette wheel, much to the relief of the "Cap," now convinced that his duplicity was not suspected.

Gray Jim led Owens aside and poured eager converse into his ear. At first he shook his head grinning.

"You promise it won't go no further?" he asked, finally, and Jim gave his word. Down the street then sauntered the marshal and dropped in casually at "Cap's" saloon.

"Have a drink, officer?" suggested the



DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"It's a brace wheel," said Jim."

"Cap" promptly, in approved Clark street style.

"Not drinking," he responded, curtly. "Say, Sandy," he said, presently, addressing the lumber-jacks at the table, "did y' hear the Injuns was off the reservation again?"

All three looked up with an evident start of alarm. The "Cap" noticed their dismay and his own face went white. He recalled reading that the Indians were raiding the settlements across the line in Minnesota. Little Cooney half started to his feet.

"Headed this way?" questioned Sandy, casually, doubling his bet on the single star.

"Nope, I guess not," returned Bud. "Last heard of they was raisin' the devil down towards Fifield. This is the first time they've been out on a tear for five years, and if they got hold of enough whiskey they's no tellin' where they'll stop."

"Oh, well," said Sandy, carelessly, "Fifield's nearly twenty miles away. I

guess we ain't in any danger. Let her spin, 'Cap.' "

Cooney, twisting uneasily on his chair, turned to "Cap" with a look of appeal in his eyes. But the look he got in return was not reassuring. In spite of himself the big man was beginning to feel alarmed.

"I tank dose dam Injuns yust as bad as dey evah was," said Gus Swanson, presently, after the town marshal had gone out into the night. "Give him tray drink phiskey an' he scalp a man's head off yust as quick as he look at him."

"Aw, Gus," laughed Sandy in reply, "you Swedes are all chicken-hearted, anyway. It takes more than a few buck Injuns to scare me, I'll tell you that. Besides, they ain't anywhere near here. Ten goes on the black, 'Cap.' Let her spin."

Black, ferret eyes met again across the table in agonized question and appeal. It was the unaccustomed, the unknown, which terrified them. The "Cap," as the stronger of the two, strove hard to keep his poise. He shook his head encouragingly at the little capper.

For fifteen minutes then the play went on almost in silence. It was broken only by the purring of the wheel and the voice of the "Cap" saying, "All down" and Big Sandy's tense answering whisper of "Let her spin."

Then, suddenly, out of the near distance came a terrifying sound. It was a loud, high pitched yell, broken into shrill, staccato discords.

Big Sandy rose from his chair at the sound and stood in a strained attitude of attention. The other two lumber-jacks turned their faces anxiously in the direction from which the sound came. A wave of greenish pallor swept across the "Cap's" face. He sat up straight and listened intently. Little Cooney clutched the bottom of his chair in a funk.

For a full minute no one spoke.

"What was it?" asked the "Cap" finally in a husky voice.

"It—sounded—like—Injuns," said Big Sandy, slowly. "But I guess it was only one of our boys letting off a yell," he added more quickly. "I'mbettin' ten on a single star. Come on boys, be sporty. Let her spin 'Cap,'"

Gus Swanson got up from the table, walked to the front of the room and looked out down the road. He came back quickly.

"Say," he began, excitedly, "dey bane a bunch av queer lookin' fellers comin' down t' road from t' woods all right. Mebbe dey bane—"

"Aw, Gus, you've got 'em again," said Big Sandy; but it was plain that even he now was a trifle nervous.

The wheel lay quiet. The lumber-jacks gathered up their money. No one spoke. In a moment the silence grew almost uncanny. Then Big Sandy, himself, walked to the door and looked down the road. When he turned it was to extinguish quickly the two kerosene lamps which had been blazing in the front windows. "I guess it's nothing but a bunch of our boys," he said uneasily, "but we might as well play safe, anyhow. 'Cap,' have you got a gun?"

The "Cap" drew his little pearl-handled revolver from the side pocket. Big Sandy reached over and took it, handing the gambler a huge forty-four in exchange.

Gus Swanson made a similiar exchange with Cooney.

"Y' ain't likely to need no gun, but, if y' do, y'd better have something that'll really shoot," he said anxiously. "Say, we're actin' like kids. 'Cap,' give th' boys a drink."

Suddenly, and on all sides of the building at the same time, shrilled the fierce, hair-raising Indian war whoop. The men at the bar, the "Cap," and Cooney pulled their revolvers at the sound and Big Sandy leaped forward to lock the door. But before he reached it the door burst in with the rush of a horde of hideously painted savages, brandishing revolvers and hatchets, filling the air with yells and whoops. Big Sandy and his two fellows pumped their revolvers into the floor. "Cap" Smith and Cooney, crouched behind the bar, fired straight into the faces of the invaders.

"Look out, Sandy," called one of the warriors, under cover of the uproar, "them two'll hurt somebody."

"Hurt nothing!" answered Sandy scornfully, the while he struggled desperately with the two braves who had seized him. "They're a firin' blanks. Hurry up and wrastle me down."

The three woodsmen, caught in the first fierce rush, were quickly overpowered, tied with ropes, and left helpless leaning against the side wall. The "Cap" and Cooney, driven from the bar, stood close together in a corner, their backs to the wall, fighting like wild cats and determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Just as the "Cap" discharged the last harmless shot from his revolver a huge brave threw himself upon him from the side and bore him to the floor. Cooney went down at the same time. They were bound and left half standing, half leaning, close beside the other captives.

Then the Indians gathered in the center of the room, where a little space was clear of overturned tables and chairs, and held what was plainly a council of war, though an ear less frightened than that of the "Cap" might have detected certain deep, guttural sounds which were not blood-thirsty. Painfully turning his fettered head the big gambler made out in the dim light what he took to be frightful contor-

tions of fear and dread anticipation on the faces of his fellow captives. The sight increased his own apprehension. He writhed within his bonds.

The quiet following the battle was only temporary. From without sounded a wild hurrah and into the room charged, like an avenging fury, the tall figure of Jim the boss lumber-jack, waving both arms about his head and pumping a big revolver with each hand.

"I'll resky ye!" yelled Jim as he fearlessly fell upon the band of savages and, for the instant, a gleam of joy flickered in the watery blue eyes of the "Cap." But Jim went down almost at once, overborne by half a dozen painted braves, and with him fell the last hope of the despairing gambler. The tall lumber jack, legs and arms closely tied, was placed in the corner next to the "Cap."

"What do you think they'll do?" asked the latter in a faint whisper.

"The devil knows," answered Jim solemnly. "They're likely to do anything with all this whiskey handy. What we got to do is to keep a stiff upper lip. We must be game whatever happens."

"They ain't likely to—" began the "Cap" but Jim interrupted him with a warning "Whist!" "Listen," he said. "Keep quiet, I want to hear what they're saying."

Presently Jim spoke in low tense tones.

"The devils!" he began. "They're going to take us out to a fire. Wait, now." He strained every nerve to catch their words. "Lord!" he went on. "The fat man first. That must mean you, I'm afraid, 'Cap.' Well, be game, boys."

With a savage at either end of each the captives were carried out of the saloon and down the road a few rods to where stood a dozen tall, bare hemlock trunks surrounding a cleared space. To these trunks the helpless white men were quickly lashed, while in the center a roaring fire was built. Then the savages danced in a great circle about their victims, yelling their war whoops and brandishing their hatchets, while the flickering yellow light of the fire fell upon their hideously painted faces.

When they ceased their wild dance Charlie and the other Indian approached

and poked the "Cap" in his fat ribs, muttering meanwhile sentences of unmeaning gibberish.

"What are they saying, partner?" pleaded the gambler.

"Well, 'Cap,'" faltered Gray Jim, "I hate to tell you, but you're elected to go first. Keep a stiff upper lip."

The mercury was close to zero and the "Cap" was attired only in a linen jacket, but the perspiration dropped from the end of his nose as he watched the preparations. Dry branches were piled about his feet and little Cooney, tied to the next tree, gave a yell of helpless terror. Then Indian Charley approached with a flaming torch.

Suddenly from the background sounded a shrill voice. Into the center sprang one of the ancient squaws, her face hideous with red and yellow paint. She seized Charley by the arm and pleaded with him vociferously.

"Cap," whispered Jim, his voice thrilling with emotion, "by gad, man, you're in luck. The squaw what's talking there is in love with you. She's pleadin' with 'em to spare your life. The big chief, that one with the blue nose, says 'No.' You must die at the stake. Wait, though. Listen! She says she'll marry you if they'll let you go. She's a great chief's daughter. Now he's coming over to ask about it. Keep quiet."

Red Tom Dolan, attired as a mighty warrior, a headdress of yellow feathers towering above his painted face, stepped forward, though still in the shadows, and delivered himself of an harangue.

"He says he'll adopt you into the tribe," Jim translated, "and give you his only daughter as a bride. Willy' stand for it?"

"Cap" Smith looked at the hideous face of the wrinkled squaw and groaned aloud. At the same instant Indian Charley, carrying the lighted torch, stepped closer.

"Lord, yes," groaned the unfortunate man, with pallid lips, "I'll stand for anything."

Suddenly, as he spoke, there sounded the whistle of a freight train pulling into the station a quarter of a mile away through the woods. It was the voice of civilization. "Cap" twisted a despairing face in the direction of the train and little Cooney gave a shrill yell for help.



DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"Indian Charley approached with a flaming torch."

The savages turned also, and watched the train as it came to a stop. On the instant the squaw sprang forward and cut the ropes which tied "Cap" to his stake. With a leap like that of a frightened steer the gambler started for the railroad station. At the next instant her knife cut Cooney's bonds.

Among all the lumber-jacks on the Flambeau and Eagle waters the quarter mile sprint of those two Chicago sharpers has passed into legend. Savages and cap-

tives rolled on the ground while they watched the "Cap's" massive leaps and the more sinuous but no less strenuous gait of Cooney, the capper. They watched until they saw both men climb onto the rear platform of the moving south-bound caboose. Then Gray Jim rose to his feet and made a low bow.

"Mrs. Pocahontas," he said, "you done right well. They's more than one kind of brace game in this world." Then he added to himself: "Don't anybody try to tell me an Injun ain't got no sense of humor."

## The Transplanting of Mrs. Sing

BY GRACE G. KINGSLEY

Of course it never could have been accomplished at all, the delicate process of transplanting, but for Dr. Sing, whose motives possibly were mixed, but the genuineness of his intentions was proved beyond doubt by the relinquishment of his *queue*. After the affair of the *queue*, it was perhaps natural that the wave of his popularity, rising higher, should land him in a decent red-brick house on Nuuanu Avenue.

Before the advent of the Sings, there had been Chinese missions in Honolulu; but it must be confessed there had been a somewhat flabby reluctance in the right hand of fellowship as extended to Dr. Ah Sing when he proposed to become one of us at St. John's. But the donation of a marble font in a year when sugar stocks had fallen and withdrawn their support was not to be ignored. In short, we finally consented to save Dr. Sing, a brand plucked from the burning. And when, having meanwhile behaved himself like a gentleman, he announced the advent from pagan shores of a hitherto unsuspected Mrs. Sing, we began at once to feel responsible for her.

"It may seem a trifle *bizarre*, but you know it's done," I declared, the day when over my teacups in my bungalow porch, we finally decided Mrs. Sing's social fate. "Think of the Yun Wing girls. You know how well they married. Everybody

receives them, in fact everybody is glad to." We had, as a matter of fact, come very near being patronized by the Yun Wing girls, but the argument as such was unassailable.

"But they were educated in England," expostulated Mrs. Devin. "They understand music and French, and their waists are no bigger—"

"Dear Mrs. Devin," interrupted Mrs. Drixell with a laugh, "cannot grasp the idea of a correct inward and spiritual state, unaccompanied by conventional outward and visible signs."

"I discovered her this morning," announced Mrs. Devin, passing her cup for more tea, "innocently and inquiringly holding up to her lord a—". Mrs. Devin ended in a whisper, but we gathered that she referred to a peculiarly feminine garment with a kind of lattice work down the back.

"He must have examined rather far back into our civilization to have arrived at conclusions even in regard to his wife's intimate garments," I sympathized, passing Mrs. Devin the cream. "He told you to send all those clothes, didn't he?"

"Yes, indeed!" Mrs. Devin answered in an injured tone.

"But we mustn't forget the marble font!" exclaimed the frivolous Mrs. Drixell.

And so the matter rested.

Insulated as she was with Chinese decorum, you never could have guessed from her manner, that first morning at church, that Mrs. Sing had not the longer catechism at her tongue's end, or the lesser fact that her gloves pinched her hands. Just how indecorous the little lady would have thought it to show surprise at either the litany or the millinery about her, will never be known. Certain it is, her soft, almond shaped eyes rested, during the whole service, either on the rector and choir, or demurely in her lap. She was very, very young, we could see that, and quite plainly had never before been away from her native roof and tea-garden.

Thereafter she seemed to fall quite naturally and unobtrusively into our ways.

Circling about the edge of our activities, as it were, shopping in French heels, giving mildly imitative *luans*, which you attended if you wished, learning to ride horseback—the difficulties were complicated by an English riding habit—Mrs. Sing was interestingly harmless enough; but Mrs. Sing, whirling about in that vortex, even presiding at the flower booth in the church fair on Beretania Street, was a quite different and much more amazing figure.

"Precisely how," I inquired of Kittie Drixell, bringing a lorgnon to bear on the Chinese lady behind a bower of *lei ilimas* and *mailes*, "did she manage to do it? Aren't you aware that is a very desirable booth; that the Goodwin girls and I fought over it last year, and they got it only because they threatened things about their carnations?"

"She is there," vouchsafed that lady, "through the influence of Mr. Castleton whom Dr. Sing has cured of dyspepsia or something, you know. He is really quite wonderful; professes to combine the wisdom of the Orient with the skill and methods of the New World. He cured little Tommy Martin of the rheumatism, the child's mother refusing to believe in the doctor until after he'd cured the cat of something, I don't know just what, but I believe of having been hung on the door-knob while Tommy went to look for a lost ball or something. Naturally the Castletons and Martins swear by the doctor."

"She's rather appropriate among the chrysanthemums," I suggested.

"Yes, with Oriental clothing; but just see how her dress fits!"

Which was somewhat unfair of Mrs. Drixell, since she herself belongs to an age and country in which women are made to fit their clothes, rather than their clothes to fit them; whereas a Chinese lady's clothing fits nothing but the ages.

Whether it was just then or later I saw Charlie Bent loitering near the flower booth, I don't recall.

When he caught my eye he hastened up. Charlie and I used to be good friends before the superior attractions of Mr. Glover Whitley caught my eye. There was, however, a circumstance which rendered our present friendship innocuous, and that was Beatrice Hargrave, a beautiful and accomplished "half-white" girl—her father was an Englishman and her mother a Hawaiian—who had loomed on Charlie's horizon, a consoling, ravishing figure, about the time of the waning of my honeymoon. Col. Hargrave held vast coffee interests over in Hawaii, but Kona being a desolate place, his daughter made frequent visits to Honolulu. Like all Hawaiian-English girls, Beatrice danced and rode to perfection, and was the most vivid person I ever saw.

Just now Charlie looked sheepish; I couldn't imagine why. Then I observed a white carnation in his buttonhole, and my looking at the flower critically, and then raising my eyes to his very deliberately, produced an odd effect.

"Dr. Sing wants her to go in for everything—golf and church and ping-pong and charities, and all that," he explained with somewhat breathless vagueness, "and—and, by thunder, the little woman wasn't equal to it quite; showed me a bad wrist which she got from too much golfing and a wrong way of holding her clubs, and I—I showed her just how to bandage it."

"You might have left that to her husband, I should think," I responded somewhat drily.

"Oh, well, I felt sorry, you see. And some of the women aren't just nice to her, though she is awfully clever, I think; picked up our language a deuced deal quicker than we could hers!"

"You are very enthusiastic."

"Well, you see, it was this way: At the links the other day, the fellows shied off—"

"I can imag—"

"Shied off at being her partner or paying her any attention, and I—I came forward—"

"Oh, yes," I declared with a sarcasm which had an undertone of admiration for his fearless kindness, "you always did!"

"And showed her the game. You see," he went on quite manfully, "the women who aren't taking her up and making regular fools over her, are snubbing her. That's the way with you women, you know!" Charlie's British honesty amounts to bluntness sometimes.

The little Chinese woman bent over her flowers. Approaching, I asked her for a dozen purple asters. I tried to believe myself sympathetic rather than curious. I had met her only very formally, heretofore, and had found linguistic difficulties an effective bar to any thing like a satisfying exchange of ideas, and wondered how Charlie got on.

"I not know your money so velly well. I make the—what you say—the change bad, velly bad, sometimes," she announced, with childish candor, a sympathetic raising of soft brown eyes, and a deprecating motion of a well shaped, jade-braceleted hand, as she passed me the flowers, and the difficult change. Suddenly and unaccountably I found myself sympathizing with Charlie's attitude.

"That must make it hard for you, here."

"Mr.—" with a timid glance toward Charlie, "Mr. Bent teach me."

"Ah! That is certainly good of him, but no doubt he enjoys it. When, I wonder, does he find the time?"

"Of the morning; he come here plenty times, when much folks not here."

I knew Charlie Bent had an independent fortune, and took frequent leisure from his not too exacting duties as bank director, but I should not have suspected him of trifling away his time with a mere heathen lady. I drove home and left Charlie hovering somewhere near the flower booth.

It was such an amazing thing, Charlie's devotion to Mrs. Sing, and the baffling

quality of that devotion. Of course there were expostulations. Kind friends would never miss an opportunity of that sort. Mrs. Devin resumed the responsibility of the lady, and I undertook Charlie. But when, at a subsequent comparing of notes, it fell out that Mrs. Sing had merely looked with wide-open, ingenuous brown eyes into Mrs. Devin's somewhat fluttering blue ones, and remarked naively that she thought "American men much better company than Chinese ones, didn't Mrs. Devin find it so?" and I had repeated part of what Charlie said, all of it had been merely wishing, in different masculine ways, that people would mind their own business, we saw the futility of that sort of thing, and ended by hoping that nothing would come to the ears of the rector. To be sure, Charlie had turned to me, looking a little white and careworn in the face, and exclaimed: "By gad, Marion, I honor that little woman, never fear!" This I failed to report.

Everybody, except Charlie himself, knew that he was being daily watched and gossipped about. That he could be the hero of a scandal I think never crossed his mind. But the facts were quite common property. The night she had first tasted champagne, when Charlie watched her with absurdly troubled and anxious eyes; the day we took her to view the Catholic church, when she quaintly pronounced the crucifix "sad;" and the day she first went on board a man-of-war, keeping close to Charlie and me, and gently rebuffed the not-slow Mrs. Daly, who was seated on the after-deck smoking a cigaret in company with some of the rest of her set, and thought it would be "fun" to teach the little Mrs. Sing to light a cigaret. Perhaps Charlie himself was the least aware of any of us of the real state of things, for he was quite unsophisticated, in spite of Beatrice and his dollars and the opportunities which both afforded for a closer study of life.

As for Mrs. Sing, her attitude absolutely saved the situation. She was so unaware, so ingenuous, in her acceptance of Charlie's attentions, as if it were the customary thing for American ladies to have admirers. She sailed with Charlie in his yacht, and came back after long hours,

serene and uncrumpled as she had gone away; she drove and rode with him.

Why Dr. Sing let his wife do all these things was the unanswerable question. Perhaps he did not see. He was very busy, managing, indeed, to become quite the rage. And, further to complicate matters, he sometimes accompanied them on their jaunts, and seemed no more troubled than if they had been two children and playmates.

After a few weeks, I fancied Charlie began to look haggard, and his gay manner did not correspond with his looks. For gaiety was not natural to Charlie Bent. But the day he told me, in answer to an attempted remonstrance against his conduct, that "her husband did not understand her," I felt constrained to exclaim: "Mercy! Has it gone so far?"

The day on which Mr. Bent almost quarrelled with his sister, Mrs. Baxter, because the doctor's wife was not invited to be among her riding party, the matter presented a definite phase not to be ignored.

"Certainly," the frivolous Mrs. Drixell murmured to me, "Charlie presents a good figure on a horse; one can scarcely blame him!"

But there were three or four of us present, and he must have been greatly wrought up to have said anything.

One morning, I got a nice note from Lieutenant Scarborough, of the *Monarch*, inviting Glover and me to an afternoon reception on board his man-of-war. Glover could not go, but I accepted and everybody was there that I knew.

Mrs. Sing looked very pretty and youthful in white duck, carrying a white silk parasol, and I remember thinking how well she was learning to wear her clothes. And, of course, Charlie was there. He greeted her at once, her olive cheeks blushing with pleasure, and forthwith made himself useful in her behalf, in regard to steamer chairs and ices, in a conspicuous isolation.

But a tug arriving half an hour later brought someone else, too—Beatrice Hargrave!

The whole state of affairs was hideously inappropriate. I heard afterwards that Trix, arriving unexpectedly in town, and

meeting Lieutenant Scarborough on the street, had been asked informally.

The circumstances were certainly very nearly dramatic. Beatrice's black eyes took things in at a glance. Perhaps she arrived unexpectedly on purpose. One could never be quite certain about her. But she never betrayed herself for a moment. She nodded pleasantly to Charlie, and her gay laughter and bright talk drew a circle of men about her as usual.

Charlie Bent simply looked sick. He tried to be all attention to Mrs. Sing, but the contrast of her gentle stupidity and monotonous sweetness, and Trix's glowing, fascinating vividness, must, all at once have become sharply obvious. Charlie had been very much devoted to Beatrice, and he was not to blame for the tricks that human nature plays in the game of propinquity. His eyes would travel, in spite of him, to the lively circle of which Trix was the center. I divined that never until that moment had he realized the extent of his complication with Mrs. Sing. Probably it has been shown clearly enough that he was not given to analysis.

And little Mrs. Sing! She began to fade away, like one of her own delicate lilies, cut from its stalk and left to fade in the sun. Her very clothes seemed to shrink, like the withering of a petal. She looked wistfully at Charlie, as he in turn glanced toward the vivacious group, then gazed with demure sadness in her lap, as he turned again to her. It never seemed to occur to her to assume any gayer spirits than those she really felt. Probably Beatrice herself suffered as keenly, but her pride upheld her.

We danced to the music of the native quintette club, and as we rested, someone called me to come forward and look at the sunset. As the clouds massed themselves superbly upon the horizon, we watched the western sky, glowing in a thousand beautiful tints, until the sun was gone, then gave our wandering attention to the little native boys in the water, who were crying for a last nickle for which to dive.

Presently, I was ashamed for him, the act was so *gauche*, so terribly inexcusable, considering their isolation, Charlie, who evidently could bear the state of things no

longer, hastily excused himself to Mrs. Sing, and sought out Beatrice, who was alone for a moment.

She turned pale as she looked up and saw him by her side. He seemed unwilling to leave her; there were some words, but Beatrice, though impulsive with the warmth of her mother's race, had a will of her own, and would not allow herself to lose her self control.

Lieutenant Scarborough sat down beside Mrs. Sing, and endeavored to engage her wandering attention, but she seemed to have no thought of concealing her emotion and cowered in the half-gloom. I am sure that only feminine delicacy kept her from sending for Charlie, or herself from obeying the impulse to seek his side where she had been so long welcome. Suddenly, however, she leaned forward, bringing her face into the glare of the ship's lights. Her features wore a strained white look, as she fixed her eyes intently on her companion's. What could it be that he was telling her? Alas! He knew both Beatrice and Charlie well and he was stupid!

Then I forgot them, as we turned our eyes to view the twinkling lights of the Japanese fishermen on the distant reefs.

A small diver, unafraid in the darkened waters, claimed our attention, when suddenly we heard a cry. Everybody on the upper deck ran to the side whence the sound had come. Somebody cried: "Mrs. Sing!"

As the crowd parted, I caught sight of the white face of Charlie Bent at Beatrice's side. Then I gazed at Beatrice, fascinated. She stood stiff and white, her great eyes staring straight before her. She never moved but her parted lips

looked as if they would cry out. Then I saw what they all saw.

There, silhouetted against the darkness, balancing herself on the ship's rail, stood little Mrs. Sing. She was clinging to a rope, and as we held our breath, scarcely realizing her fearful intent, she turned toward us a very white face, dimly to be seen by the ship's lamps. Then she let go, seeming for one brief second to balance herself, in her perilous position. Next moment a figure, rising up out of the darkness, crept and crawled toward her, and her husband laid firm hold of her.

I had not seen him come aboard, and he must have been below, all afternoon, possibly playing cards. How he ever came to arrive at precisely that moment, heaven only knows! But there he was, blessed in our minds for having saved the occasion from being a ghastly one. He was imperturbable, of course, with the Chinese imperturbability, and was as gentle and unruffled and non-committal as if he were taking part in some social affair, instead of being the hero in a tragic set of circumstances out there in the night.

Of course everybody at once set about pretending very hard not to have noticed anything. But nobody, I think, could forget that awful picture, and the still awfulest thing averted.

The Sings at once disappeared. They did not go back with us in our tug at eight o'clock. And Mrs. Burke told me, next day, that Captain Bell, opening a cabin door by mistake, surprised them, the woman crying like a child in the arms of her husband, who was comforting her as if she were indeed a child, a child with a broken toy; an example forever to more exacting if less pagan husbands.

# The Luck of the Gray Devil

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

The prosecuting attorney, Horace P. Walling, leaned back in his chair and looked at Christopher Gray with something of admiration and something of contempt in his expression.

"Your nerve," he said, "is sublime, but I fear it won't help you any this time. You're caught, Chris."

"I tell you, Walling, you're making a frightful mistake," Gray asserted with anxious emphasis. "I'm not the man; I don't know anything about it."

"Now, Chris," argued Walling, in a tolerant way, "you know that you are the devil who has done more to corrupt this town than any other one man. Why, the people have gone so far, in their happy American way of making light of their troubles, as to give you 'the Gray devil' as a pet name. And I've caught you. That means a good deal to me."

"You haven't caught me," insisted Gray. "You've put on me a thing with which I had absolutely nothing to do. Perhaps I'm not an angel; perhaps I'm not very particular in my methods for getting what I want; perhaps there are some things for which you might get me, if you had the evidence; but you can't convict me of something I didn't do."

"Chris," said Walling, easily, "I'd be willing to submit my evidence to the public and take a vote on it—if it were possible to settle the matter that way."

"Of course you would," admitted Gray. "You'd be safe in submitting it to the public without any evidence. I've got the reputation, and that settles it with the public. Everything is charged up to the 'Gray devil.' Why, the newspaper man who made that pun on my name thereby convicted me, so far as the public is concerned, of everything wrong that was, is, or will be unearthed in municipal legislation. Even when they get evidence against another man, they say 'the Gray devil' is probably behind him. They give me credit for an amount of cunning and wisdom that is superhuman. No living man could do all that I am charged

with doing and escape the consequences."

"That," said Walling, "is why you are not going to escape them. There are rumors that this office has been 'fixed' under some of my predecessors. I don't know anything about that, but this I do know; whenever I have evidence of wrong doing the case goes to trial—and I have that evidence now."

"If I could find Tim Dakin—"

"I've heard that before," laughed Walling. "I have a shrewd suspicion that you don't want to find Tim Dakin. It looks to me as if Tim's absence was more helpful to you than Tim's presence could possibly be. It gives you something to talk about to the reporters—a chance to tell a story that can't be contradicted. But I have evidence, Chris."

"Tim could overturn it in a minute," insisted Gray.

"Oh, don't talk to me about Tim," said Walling. "Tell that to someone who is credulous."

"I tell you, it's true!" declared Gray, emphatically. "I'll swear that—"

"No use, Chris," interrupted Walling. "Your unsupported word won't go very far in a case where you have so much at stake."

"I'll give a hundred dollars right now to anybody who can produce Tim Dakin."

"Better make it a thousand," remarked Walling sarcastically. "It's just as safe." "I will make it a thousand," declared Gray angrily. "I'll give a thousand dollars to the man who will get Tim Dakin within the jurisdiction of the court; I'll give a hundred dollars just to learn where he is."

"That's a good bluff," commented Walling, "but it's wasting time to try it on me."

Then he became suddenly more serious. "Chris, you've been a blot on this town for a long time, and now there is a chance to clean out the blot. It means a good deal to me, too, for the man who sends you 'down the road' is going to stand mighty well with the people here—all the people except the boodlers and spoilsmen, who

are just waking up to the fact that things have changed. We know each other pretty well, and we've been on apparently friendly terms, but I never had any respect for you, and you never had any use for me. We are not of the same kind. Still, I have no personal feeling in this matter. I am acting with you just as I would with any one else under the same circumstances. I am trying to be entirely impersonal and judicial, but I was put here to prosecute just such scamps as you and I am going to do it. The town needs purification."

"Well, you haven't got me yet," retorted Gray, suddenly changing his tone, "and you're as insincere as anybody else. You're doing this for your own political purposes, and you know it. Justice and right and the law have nothing to do with it. You're doing this because it's the

proper thing to do; and you'd do it, if you could, knowing positively that I was wholly innocent of the offence charged."

"That's a lie, Chris," returned Walling with cold deliberation.

"It's the truth," insisted Gray. "You're not after the guilty man; you're after me, because my conviction will help you."

For a moment the two men looked at each other angrily, but a personal encounter at such a time would be unfortunate for both.

"When you can show me that I am wrong," said Walling at last, "I'll drop the case."

"If I could find Tim—"

"Don't make me tired," said Walling, plaintively.

But the frequent repetition of this one thing had its effect, and, after Gray had



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"I tell you, Walling, you're making a frightful mistake."

## THE RED BOOK

gone, Walling found himself wondering whether Tim Dakin really could tell anything that would change the situation. It did not seem possible, for the case against Walling was unusually strong for a bribery case. In a word, the man bribed had been cornered and had confessed. There could be little doubt that others had been bribed in the same matter, but one payment of \$500 to Councilman Peter Storm was all of which he could get any trace. Storm was weak but shifty, with a certain amount of low cunning. If he had had more nerve, both he and Gray would have been reasonably safe, for some slight circumstantial evidence was all that Walling had been able to secure at the time he had his noteworthy interview with Storm. He had made the most of this, however; had gone at this man with an assumption of confidence, giving the impression that he knew more than he really did, and had finally forced a confession. Storm admitted that the \$500 had been paid to him to vote for a contract ordinance that meant a good many thousands of dollars to the contractor. At the time, there was no question in Walling's mind as to who had paid the money.

"You got it from Chris Gray, didn't you," he had asked.

After a moment of hesitation Storm had answered in the affirmative. Then he told when, where, and how the money had been paid; and later he had produced a man who claimed to have seen Gray enter Storm's office at 8:30 o'clock on the evening of April 5. There was also an elevator man who had carried a man resembling Gray to the floor on which Storm's office was located. The latter could not be sure of his identification for he was not personally acquainted with Gray; but there were few who used his elevator after 7 o'clock, and he thought Gray was the man he had taken up on this occasion. Of itself, this evidence was unconvincing and valueless; but, in slight degree, it strengthened the evidence of the other two and made Walling more certain that he had finally caught the "Gray devil."

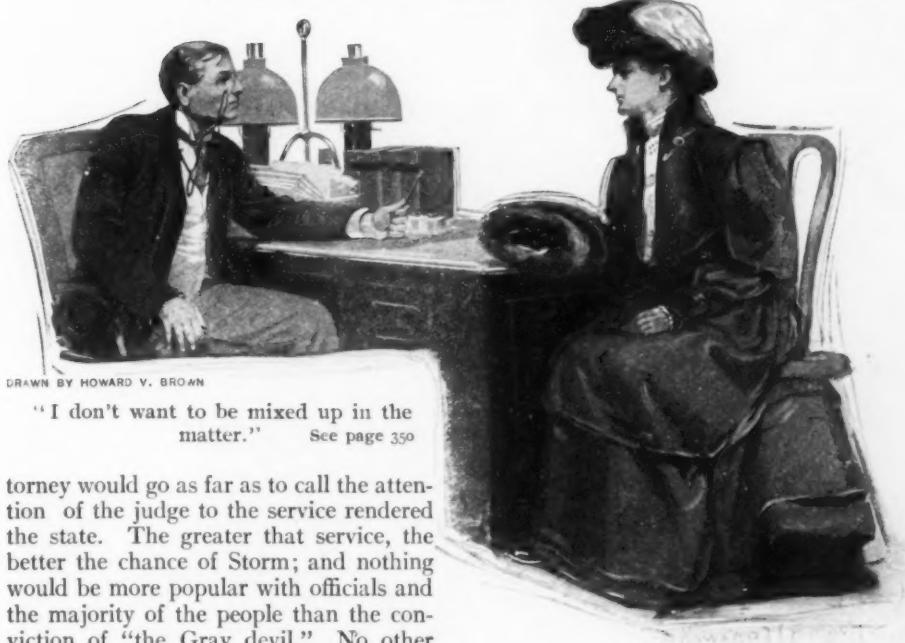
But a good lawyer gives a great deal of attention to the weak features of his case, and Walling had to admit that this method

of procedure did not bear out Gray's reputation for cleverness. It was popularly reported that he was the man to "see" when any gilded legislation was desired, but never before had it been possible to trace a single dollar of corruption money to him. The money might pass through his hands, but he never paid it over in person. His reputation with the boodlers was said to be such that they accepted his word unquestioningly, and they always got the money when they "delivered the goods;" but he was usually far away when the money actually came into their hands. It was said that there was a safe deposit box, to which he and a certain member of the "gang" had access, so far as the password was concerned, and that a duplicate key was entrusted to a third party, who delivered it to the aforesaid member at a time previously specified, Gray being then out of the way. It was also said that other members of the "gang" kept a very close watch on the aforesaid member from the time the key came into his possession until the spoils had been divided, they apparently having less confidence in his word than they had in Gray's.

All this was rumor, however. No one had been able to locate the box or discover what was found in it when Gray turned over the duplicate key; but it certainly was unlike a man to whom such ingenious schemes were credited to make a payment in person.

"Still," mused Walling, "the most cautious man becomes careless at times, and Storm was not a member of the 'close corporation' that has been making the big money, according to report. His vote was needed, but he had to be dealt with separately. The others may, or may not, have got the money in the usual way. My case at present has to do with Storm, and Storm has confessed."

Here his reflections took another turn. Storm unquestionably had confessed and agreed to turn state's evidence in the hope of escaping punishment, or, at least, of getting a light sentence. No definite promise had been made, but it was customary to be lenient with the man who thus assisted the prosecution, and it was the understanding that the prosecuting at-



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"I don't want to be mixed up in the matter." See page 350

torney would go as far as to call the attention of the judge to the service rendered the state. The greater that service, the better the chance of Storm; and nothing would be more popular with officials and the majority of the people than the conviction of "the Gray devil." No other was deemed so dangerous and so crafty; the conviction of no other would make all so disposed to be lenient with the man who made it possible. There could be no denying that, having confessed, it was extremely fortunate for Storm that he was able to bring Gray into it. Indirectly this would weaken the force of Storm's evidence, if it were possible to produce anything to controvert it.

"But there isn't," Walling concluded. The evidence of Storm and Dan Gaynor, who saw Gray enter the office at the time the money was paid is going to settle the matter. The elevator man doesn't count, except to make it more morally certain that I am right. The man who puts Gray through can have pretty nearly everything he wants in this town, too."

These and similar meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a woman, who said she wished to see him privately on important business.

"It's the Gray case," she explained.

"What do you know about it?" he asked, instantly alert.

"I don't know anything about it," she replied, "but I understand you want to find Tim Dakin."

"Why, no," he said with a smile, "I don't want to find him. Why should I? I don't need his evidence."

She seemed surprised and disconcerted.

"The papers have said," she asserted, apologetically, "that he could give some important evidence."

"Oh, that's what Gray claims," returned Walling, carelessly. "He says Tim Dakin could clear him, but that's his business. My business is to show that he is guilty."

"Even if he isn't?" asked the woman.

"But he is," asserted Walling rather sharply.

"I beg your pardon," said the woman, rising. "I don't know anything about the law, and I see I made a mistake. I thought you wanted to get the truth—the whole truth. I thought that was the business of a public official."

"It is," said Walling, quickly, "but I'm satisfied that I've got the truth."

"Then Tim Dakin doesn't know anything?"

"I don't know."

"Then how do you know that you've got the truth?"

## THE RED BOOK

Walling was both annoyed and amused at this unusual and unexpected cross-examination. Theoretically, the woman was right; his office was semi-judicial, and so far as possible, it was his duty to see that no injustice was done; but, practically, it was his business to prosecute a case and let the defence look out for its own rights, especially when the defence was financially so well able to do it as in this case.

"Won't you sit down again?" he asked courteously, and she resumed her seat. "Now, will you tell me why you didn't take this information to Mr. Gray's lawyer instead of coming to me?"

"I don't want to be mixed up in the matter," she replied. "I don't care anything about Mr. Gray or his lawyer, but I thought you ought to know all there is to know and that I ought to help you, if I could. It worried me to think that I might be doing somebody harm by keeping what I knew secret, when there was so much talk about Tim, and I thought that it was your duty to see that no harm is done."

"It is," he said slowly. "I'm afraid we lawyers are sometimes carried away by the excitement of contest and think our only duty is to win a case. I'll take Tim's address, if you please."

She gave him an address at Windsor, Ont.

"Now," she said, "my conscience is clear. I've done my duty."

"Then you have no intention of going to Mr. Gray?"

"Of course not. Why should I? The thing is nothing to me. I merely happened to have some information that seemed to be sought, and I brought it to you, that no injustice might be ignorantly done. What else was there for me to do?"

"Nothing else," he answered. "Will you tell me your name?"

"I prefer not. I've told you all I know that can have any possible bearing on the case, and my name is of no importance whatever."

Walling did not press the matter and the woman left.

"A club woman," he commented, when she had gone. "A conscientious club woman who has been reading a pa-

per on 'The Duties of Citizenship,' or I miss my guess. She has ideals."

Then his thoughts reverted to Tim Dakin and the Gray case. So far as he knew, Tim had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with any of the council bribery scandals. It was most unlikely that he would have anything to do with them, for he was little more than a ward "heeler," politically; a "useful" man who was frequently in trouble, but not a man with the wit to be taken into large affairs. Very likely it was the expectation of some "trouble" that had taken him to Canada although the matter had not been brought to the attention of Walling. Still, there might be reasons why he preferred the climate of Canada for awhile. But what could he possibly know of the Gray case? Gray had resolutely refused to state what evidence he expected Tim to give, although steadfastly insisting that he could clear him. Could he really do this? It seemed preposterous, but Gray certainly had spoken with every appearance of sincerity, and it was not like Gray to make an idle and useless bluff.

"Harry," said Walling to his principal assistant, "suppose you were prosecuting a case and accidentally ran across some hidden evidence that would be of considerable advantage to the defence. What would you do with it?"

"Box it up and keep it hidden," was the prompt reply.

At luncheon the next day Walling put the question to two other lawyers.

"You're not drawing salary to prepare cases for the other side," was the reply of one.

"A lawyer is paid to look out for the interest of his client," said the other. "Sometimes he can do that better by silence than in any other way."

"But suppose there is a question as to whether the suppression of this evidence may not result in a serious injustice," persisted Walling.

"It's a lawyer's business to win his own case," said the first.

"And he isn't much of a lawyer if he can't convince himself that he's in the right," laughed the second.

"That's true," admitted Walling thoughtfully. "A good lawyer becomes

as absorbed in an interesting case as a writer does in the story he is putting on paper, and it becomes a question of wit and cleverness. He would rather win a desperate case than win one in which his client is unqualifiedly and unquestionably in the right. But, as a representative of the public—"

"You frequently have cases dismissed without trial and indictments quashed," interrupted one of the lawyers.

"That is the case when I clearly lack the evidence to convict," argued Walling. "But suppose I have what seems

sight, for Tim had a deep personal interest in both county and city officials. He could not tell when one or another of them might have business with him. Besides at this particular time he was a little fearful that they might want him.

Tim had had a difference of opinion with a man of his own class, and had stuck a knife in him. No one had seen him do this, but the victim naturally knew who had done it. The victim, however, upon recovering consciousness had refused to make any statement. This meant one of two things: he would



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"If he come to me I'll break his neck."

to be ample evidence, and then—"

"Why, then, go ahead. Let the other side take care of itself."

"Thank you," said Walling. "I have been troubled as to my duty in a certain rather complicated case."

He walked slowly and thoughtfully back to his office, and notified his assistant that he would leave for Windsor, Ont., that evening, to be gone two or three days.

"I'll find out what Tim Dakin knows, anyhow," he told himself.

Walling knew Tim Dakin only by reputation, but Tim Dakin knew Walling by

take the matter into his own hands when next he met Tim, or he would wait until he knew where Tim could be caught before making the statement that would put the police on his track. The victim was not the kind of a man to make a big rumpus until he knew it would do some good; and Tim had left town as soon as possible after the affray. Nor did Tim care to return, to face either the man or the law even though the former had been in the hospital for some time and was probably not in good fighting trim. It doesn't take an athlete to use a revolver effectively.

So Tim was on the defensive the moment he saw Walling.

"You can't touch me here," he declared.

"I don't want to touch you," returned Walling. "Why should I want to touch you?"

"You can search me," answered Tim, realizing that he had made a mistake, "only I didn't think you was makin' a friendly call."

"I'm not," laughed Walling. "I'm here on business, and I want some information. What do you know about the Gray bribery case?"

"Nothin'," answered Tim, and his apparent astonishment was pretty good evidence that he spoke the truth. "Nothin', only I'm hopin' you give him fifty years."

"That's strange," commented Walling. "He says that you can clear him."

"Me clear him!" exclaimed Tim. "Not in a million! He's givin' you a pipe! I don't know nothin'!"

"That's what I thought," commented Walling, "but he has insisted upon it so strongly that I thought I'd investigate."

"I've seen something of it in the papers," said Tim, "but it's a wrong steer. Why, say! I wouldn't clear that skunk if I could. I got it in for him good and plenty."

"There is positively no evidence you could give, even if he came to you himself?"

"Say! if he come to me I'll break his neck. Wait till I tell you what he done to me." Tim stopped short, and gave Walling a furtive look. "Well, you can't touch me here, anyhow," he said, "an' I'll tell you what he done to me, so's you can see how good he stands. Why, after all I done for that man in politics, gettin' the right boys elected for him, he turned me down. Yes, sir, right in the back room of Mullaney's saloon. I was lyin' low there an' I sent for him, an' he come sneakin' in the back way, an' he wouldn't put up a cent to help me out—not a cent; and I only wanted a hundred dollars, to make a quick sneak somewhere."

"When was this?" asked Walling.

"Why, it was the night before I come here," said Tim thoughtfully. "I was goin' to Winnipeg first, where I got some

friends, but this was closer and chea~~ker~~, an' when he wouldn't put up the cash—"

"But when was it?" repeated Walling.

"Let me think. I come here April—Why, it was the night of April 5 that the big stiff turned me down."

"At what hour?"

"Oh, he come up to Mullaney's by 8 o'clock, an' we was shut up there 'most three hours, while I was trying to make him do the right thing, an' he was tellin' me I'd got to look out for myself in any scrap trouble, 'cause he wouldn't get mixed up in 'em."

So that was the secret of Gray's anxiety to get hold of Tim Dakin. At the time he was alleged to have paid the money to Storm he was miles away, having a discussion with Tim in the back room of a saloon. But surely Tim was not the only man through whom he could prove this.

"Did any one else see him there?" asked Walling, after a moment of thought.

"Sure," answered Tim. "Two saw him, but he don't know who they are."

"Who are they?"

"What's that to you?" asked Tim, suspiciously. He had been so anxious to keep the conversation away from the details of his own "trouble" that he had answered questions about Gray unhesitatingly, until it suddenly dawned upon him that there was more to this than a mere knowledge of his reasons for his anger with the man.

"I'm prosecuting Gray," said Walling, "and I want positive evidence of all he did that night. Who were the men who saw him there?"

Tim gave him the names, and where they could be found.

"How did it happen that no one else saw him?"

"We was shut up in a back room. He didn't want nobody to see him there. We had some drinks, but I took 'em at the door when they was brought back. I don't see what good this is doin' you, but I hope it hangs him."

"Hardly that," returned Walling. Then he gave his attention to Tim, being satisfied that there was something in his case that might need attention. But Tim had said all that he would say. He thought it necessary to get away, and he

got away; that was all there was to it. It wasn't anything extraditable, and very likely nothing ever would be heard of it, anyway. He was expecting information that would enable him to return, but he certainly would not do anything to help Gray in any way.

Nevertheless, in spite of these strong assertions, if Gray could have found him, Gray could have had any testimony that he could give. For Gray undoubtedly could straighten his little "trouble" out for him, so that there would be no danger from either the law or the victim. A little money and a little influence of a certain kind would appease the victim, and the law was still in ignorance of the important facts, knowing only that a man had been stabbed and sent to a hospital.

But Gray could not find him, without the assistance of Walling, and Walling was struggling with a very difficult problem. If Tim spoke the truth, and there was no reason to doubt it, Gray was not guilty of the particular crime charged. He might be guilty of other similar offences, as bad or worse, but he was not guilty of this one. What, then, was Walling's duty? The public was clamoring for the conviction of Gray, not so much for what he had done in this instance as because he was held to be a dangerous man. And Walling could convict him. Furthermore, Walling would profit much in professional reputation and political preferment by convicting him, while a failure to do so would wreck him politically and hurt him professionally. There would even be those who would say he had been "bought off." But what right had he to say that a man, guiltless of the offence charged, deserved to go to the penitentiary on general principles? What right had he to punish a man for what he did not do, because he was morally, but not legally certain that he had done other things? Clearly, that would be ethically wrong.

Gray was not personally interested in the ordinance for which the bribe money had been paid; his presumed interest rested on his reputation as a "legislative broker," through whom the council could be reached. He was not a member of the council himself, but he took a deep interest in the elections, and he was fre-

quently instrumental in putting "the right boys" in. He could not be punished for that, however, and in the absence of any personal interest in the legislation, this case must rest wholly on the payment that he could not possibly have made.

Walling put hypothetical cases to various legal acquaintances, and the answers were all about the same.

"Try your own case," they were in substance. "No man can be expected to try the case for both sides."

"But suppose you know that you are in the wrong in this particular instance?" he urged.

"No lawyer knows that he is in the wrong until judge or jury have told him so," was the cynical reply he received from one man. "Even a murderer, caught red-handed, is entitled to the best defence his lawyer can make for him."

"Even to the suppression of evidence?"

"It isn't your business to turn up evidence against your client."

"But a prosecuting attorney—"

"His client is the state. Do the best you can to win for your client always."

Walling recalled various lawyers who had talked gloatingly of the tricks that had enabled them to win cases that could not be won on their merits. They were particularly proud of these victories. To them the law meant a battle of wits and nothing more; the man who could overreach another was the really able man. But a prosecuting attorney was in a different position: the state did not want a victory that was not deserved. At the same time a prosecuting attorney's reputation rested largely on his success in securing convictions, and this was a case in which the public was unusually interested. Why not go ahead? What was Tim Dakin's story to him? He had his own evidence.

Walling sent for Storm, who was out on bail, and Dan Gaynor, and questioned them closely. Both stuck resolutely to the story they had originally told, and even strengthened it somewhat, for Gaynor claimed to have heard something of what Gray said when he turned over the money. Gaynor was in the hall, near the door, and the transom was open. He had desk room in an adjoining office, which



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"You can get out of here, and get out quick."

accounted for his presence in the building. "Contract ordinance," "your vote," and "count the money" were the words that Gaynor had caught.

"I've got him," mused Walling, when the men had gone; "I've got him tight. They've been trying to get him for five years, and I've got him. It will do more for me than all the rest of my term of office put together. The Gray devil! But," thoughtfully, "I wonder if there isn't another devil in this somewhere. I wonder if the devil of my ambition isn't trying to make me do a dishonest thing. How can duty to a client, whether state or individual, justify a man in doing an injustice? Is this nothing but a game to be won? Is a lawyer no more than a licensed player in the game? There are a good many who think so, and they are not particular about the methods, so long as they

are not actually illegal. Let the other lawyer look after his own client! If he isn't smart enough to protect him, so much the worse for lawyer and client! The thing is worked out that way every day, especially in the civil courts. But—but—I'd like to beat this Gray devil, but isn't it more worth my while to beat the other devil—to be absolutely honest?"

Walling struggled with himself all that night, for so much of his own future depended on the case that the temptation was unusually great. The desire to win leads men to do many things that are, to say the least, unfair, and cases are won almost daily that could not be won on their real merits. Success is the measure of merit; defeat the sign of incompetency. And this man ought to be punished on general principles, but—

The next day Walling hunted up the men whose names Tim Dakin had given him, and they verified Tim's statements. Then he went back to his office and sent for both Gray and Storm. They almost came to blows when they met, but Walling had himself well in hand and proved master of the situation.

"The best thing for both of you," he said, "is to sit down and answer my questions without vituperation or comment. I have the thread of this case better than either of you, and the result is going to depend on what you say right here and now." Then to Storm, "Is this the man who gave you the money for your vote on the contract ordinance?"

"It is," answered Storm.

"You're a liar!" cried Gray.

"Keep still," ordered Walling. "When and where did he give it to you?"

"Between 8:30 and 9 o'clock the night of April 5, in my office."

"Gray," said Walling, turning to him, "where were you at that time? Now don't lie or dodge! The absolute truth means a lot to you, right now."

Gray hesitated. Without corroborative evidence, his story would do him no good.

"If I could find Tim Dakin," he said.

"I've seen Tim," said Walling.

"You've seen him!" cried Gray.

"I've had a talk with him. Where were you?"

"Tim is sore," said Gray thoughtfully. "Tim would lie to hurt me now, but if I could see him—"

"Tim told the truth, because he didn't

know what I wanted to find out. Now, where were you?"

"I was with Tim in the back room of Mullaney's saloon from 8 until nearly 11 o'clock."

Walling turned sharply on Storm.

"There are three witnesses who will corroborate that, Storm," he said. "Why did you lie?"

Storm faltered.

"Out with it!" cried Walling, angrily. "Why did you lie about it? Did you think it would help your own case?"

"Everybody was crazy to catch Gray," Storm said hesitatingly, "and so— But I'll tell you the truth about that now."

"The truth!" ejaculated Walling. "Hell! You'd have to be corroborated by the angel Gabriel to get anyone to believe you. Is Dan Gaynor a friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"I thought so." Then to Gray, "The case against you will be dismissed, of course, but it marks my political finish."

"Anything I can do, Walling—"

"You can do!" roared Walling. "You can get out of here, and get out quick! You're a damn rascal! You ought to be in the penitentiary, but I'm not going to send you there for something you didn't do. Get out!"

It seemed so utterly useless that Walling did not even enter a denial when the rumor was circulated that he had been "fixed." For the public wanted to see Gray in the penitentiary and did not care how he got there.

## The Vengeance of Mr. Bilks

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

After William Bilks, affectionately known among his associates as "Slinky Bill," returned from a long sojourn up the river he found Manhattan's economic conditions sadly at variance with the possibilities of his purse. Although Butch McCarty was always ready to stake him to the extent of a miniature sky parlor and allow him an occasional donation

from the saloon's culinary department, it was easily understood between the two that the casual fleshpots were to be early repaid from the fruits of the old burglar's first raid.

Mr. Bilks usually approached a job without rancor, and endeavored to distribute his energies among the weary rich so that no particular section of the town

could proclaim undue partiality and have any cause of complaint. If his industry forced him to levy upon a banker this week, he showed his pure democratic spirit by tapping a baker's till the next.

Thus, moderate in his needs, he worked about a well-defined route, and whenever any one of his clientele objected and was so crude as to complain to the nearest precinct, and possibly prove obtrusive in a newspaper story, he felt justly indignant, and, rubbing his strong, unshaven jaw, dumbly wondered how men could be so childish.

For, as he was wont to declaim to Butch McCarty, "Fer de love of—Say, Beau, how can a upper tennet sink so low as ter trifles wid de humble callin' of yer's truly an' try ter spike a honest, hard-workin' man's game? My motter is, 'Live an' let live.'"

The last trip to the strong stone house evidently soured Mr. Bilks' disposition. As a rule he took such isolations in a calm, philosophical spirit and reckoned them all in as necessary, albeit unlovely, ingredients of the game. The memory of the last sentence was a canker, ever gnawing away at his sense of right. For that trip up the Hudson resulted, not from his usual desire for gain, but rather from the ebullition of his anger at being rated below par. He had been erroneously accused of cracking a country bank. As the job was ear-marked with slovenliness he had felt called upon gracefully to open a neighboring strong box just to demonstrate his inaptitude for rough, inartistic work. To be "sent up" for merely maintaining his good name and reinstating himself in the good opinion of police circles bit deeply into Mr. Bilks' finer feelings, and caused him to accept of Butch's conditional hospitality with squared jaw and gloomy brow. Heretofore he had no fault to find with Justice. But now the blind goddess had played him foul, and somewhere in the short, sinewy form of the cracksman was an unquenchable longing to even up.

At first he kept close in his little chamber and tried to recall the names of the jurors who had convicted him. Ultimately he discarded this plan of vengeance as lacking in finality, and decided that, as his retribution might be restricted to one en-

deavor, he would make it all-embracing and strike at the very fount of justice, at the judge who imposed the sentence.

The more he brooded over this the more enticingly it appealed to him. To loot the judge's home immediately after his release from prison stirred some blunted sense of the romantic in his sturdy, East-side nature, and with set jaw and scowling wicked, black eyes he broached the subject to his landlord. As Butch was now waxing impatient for some return of the loaves he had cast upon the water it is needless to say the proposition struck him as wholesome and desirable. Those judges often had much solid ware in their suburban homes, and Mr. Bilks was warmly assured that everything in the shape of hardware and nitro-glycerine would be forthcoming on the day set.

"Fer de love of—Say, Beau, dis ain't no soup job," explained Slinky. "Jest cut dat nitro out an' gim'me a few trinkets ter open de winder an' stake me wid tickets comin' an' goin'. I'se framed it up as bein' a teary night ter-night from dat bank of clouds, an' when a job's got ter be did, why, hurry along, says Slinky Bill. Jest have evryting ready fer me ter-night. Dat's all."

The judge's house was set back in quite extensive grounds, and Mr. Bilks almost felt ashamed of mingling in so easy a game. "It's like takin' t'ings from a Chris'mas tree," he complained, as he silently flitted from hedge to shrubbery and gained the rear of the apparently deserted mansion. "Dis is all right, all right, fer a kid's game, but Slinky Bill oughter be workin' in de busy section of downtown."

Evidently the moon was a bit curious as to just what was going on, for as Slinky softly opened a second story window and swung one leg over the sill, she pulled the clouds apart and shot a pale shaft of light over his shoulder and into the room.

"Fer de love of—" gasped Mr. Bilks hoarsely, instinctively reaching for a wad of leather and lead, for the moonbeam, like a spot-light in a play house, touched and dwelt upon the weak, dissipated face of a youth, huddled prostrate on his back, while something glistened evilly near the right hand.

Mr. Bilks' first sensation was one of fear, not at beholding the judge's self-slain son, but rather for fear he might be connected with the young man's taking off. This rapidly gave way to resentment toward the inanimate form. For Mr. Bilks realized it was highly foolhardy to reconnoitre a house containing a violent death.

Then, still sitting astride the sill, Mr. Bilks noiselessly opened the slide of his electric lantern and discounted the moonbeams with one strong, all-revealing streak of white. The pallid finger played first on the door—closed. Then it swung to the other portions of the room—vacant. And at last it drew near to and rested on the dead man; for from him Slinky feared nothing. With dull interest he observed the indecisive chin and deeply sunken eyes, and even noted the premature touch of gray on the temples.

"Played in hard luck an' had no pals ter dope out a gitaway," he muttered, half-sympathetically. "An' mebbe, he had pals dat t'runk him down. De judge's son, all right, all right. An' even his guv'nor couldn't save him from takin' a shot at hisself."

As he closed his lantern, preparatory to leaving, the finger of light reached up and touched the likeness of a gray-haired woman, hung over a desk. Mr. Bilks had had nothing to do with gentlewomen, except as he raided their summer homes, and it struck his slow fancy that she was the boy's mother, and that, as only she and he knew the shameful secret, her eyes appealed to him for help. It flattered him, this mute co-partnership with respectability.

"Don't mind obleegin' a lady when it don't come between me an' biz," he apolo-

gized to himself. "Fer de love of—Say, Slinky, why shouldn't I rush first aid ter de sufferin' an' help de lady?" he demanded, as instinct again protested and urged to take to flight. "An' it's a little t'ing ter do at dat."

The "little t'ing ter do" consisted of slipping his gum shoes over to the floor and with one cat-like step obtaining the weapon. Then, he as silently dropped it in his pocket and drew back to the window, with his better judgment all the while upbraiding him and whispering it would all end in the extreme penalty of the law, perhaps with the judge, his old enemy, imposing the last sentence.

"Fer de l-love of—Say, shet it off," he growled to his inner self determinedly.

Then to the picture, "Oh, dat's all rght, ma'am. It's nuttin'. I'se jest goin' ter hide dis toy up some'ers."

Again reason urged him to recant and replace the weapon and leave, but Mr. Bilks was made of stubborn stuff, and pausing on the fire-escape he ended all further debate with the warning voice within by declaring aloud: "Electric chair be damned! Wot t'ell is life wurt livin' when a guy can't stick out a helpin' hand ter de ma of a poor bloke dat's down on his luck?" And then to clinch the matter he turned back and allowed his sinister half-mask to flutter to the floor of the room.

Then, with window left wide open, he stole to the white ribbon of asphalt, and as he reached the highway and faced about to look back at the big house and its one tenant, he gravely explained: "It's nuttin', ma'am, jest nuttin'. De poor lad was done up while tryin' ter protect his old man's home. Dat's all."

# The Federal Imp Company

BY HERBERT QUICK

When the porter came snooping about as if desiring to make up my berth, I went into the smoking compartment. I do not smoke; but it was the only place to go. I found there a person of striking appearance who told me the most remarkable story I ever heard in my life, and one which I feel it my duty to make public.

He had before him a bottle of ready-mixed cocktails, a glass, and a newspaper. With his bags and the little card table on which he rested his elbows, he was occupying most of the compartment. I sidled in hesitatingly, in that unobtrusive way which I believe to be the unfailing mark of the retiring and artistic mind, and for want of a place to sit down, I leaned upon the lavatory. He was gazing fixedly at the half-empty bottle, his sweeping black moustaches curling back past his ears, his huge grizzled eyebrows shot through with the gleam of his eyes. He looked so formidable that I confess I was daunted, and should have escaped to the vestibule; but he saw me, rose, and with extreme politeness began tossing aside baggage to make room.

"I trust, Sir," said he with a capital S, "that you will pardon my occupancy of so much of a room in which your right is equal to mine! Be seated, I beg of you, Sir!"

I sat down; partly because, when not aroused, I am of a submissive temperament; and partly because he had thrown the table and grips across the door.

"Don't mention it," said I. "Thank you."

"Permit me, Sir," said he, "to offer you a drink."

"I hope you will excuse me," I replied, now slightly roused, for I abhor alcohol and its use. "I never drink!"

"It is creditable to any man, Sir," said he, "to carry around with him a correct estimate of his weaknesses."

This really aroused in me that indignation which sometimes renders me almost terrible; but his fixed and glittering gaze

seemed to hold me back from making the protest which rose to my lips.

"Permit me, Sir," said he, "to offer you a cigar."

It was a strong looking weed; but although I am not a smoker, I took and lighted it. He resumed his attention to his bottle and paper.

"Will you be so kind," said he, breaking silence, "as to read that item as it appears to you?"

"'Federal Improvement Company,'" I read. "'Organized under the laws of New Jersey, on January 4th, with a capital of \$1,000,000. Charter powers very broad, taking in almost every field of business. The incorporators are understood to be New York men.'"

"'Imp,'" said he, "isn't it? 'Imp', not 'Improvement.'"

"I take it, sir," said I, "that the omission of the period is a printer's error, and that i-m-p means 'Improvement.'"

He leaned forward, grasped my wrist and peered like a hypnotist into my face.

"Just as badly mistaken," said he, "as if you had lost—a s c o u l d b e ! It means 'Imp' just as it says 'Imp.' Have another drink!"

This time I really did not feel free to refuse him. He seemed greatly pleased at my tasting.

"Sit still," said he, "and I'll tell you the condemdest story you ever heard. That corporation means that we are now entering a governmental and sociological area of low pressure that will make the French Revolution look like a cipher with the rim rubbed out. In the end you'll be apt to have clearer views as to whether or not 'i-m-p' spells 'improvement'!"

This he seemed to consider a very clever play upon words, and he sat for some time, laughing in the manner adopted by the stage villain in his moments of solitude. His Mephistophelean behavior, or something, made me giddy. His manner was quite calm, however, and after a while we lapsed back into the commonplace.



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"He looked so formidable that I confess I was daunted."

"Ever read a story," said he, "named 'The Bottle Imp'?"

"Stevenson's 'Bottle Imp'?" I exclaimed, glad to find a topic of common interest, and feeling that it could not be a dangerous thing to be shut into the same smoking compartment with any man who loved such things, no matter how Captain-Kiddish he might appear. "Why yes, I have often read it. I am a teacher of literature, and an admirer of Stevenson. He possesses—"

"Who? Adlai?" he said. "Did he ever have it?"

"I mean Robert Louis," said I. "He wrote it."

"Oh!" said my companion meditatively, "he did, did he? Wrote it, eh? It's as likely as not he did—. I know *Adlai*. Met him once, when I was putting a bill through down at Springfield: nice man! Well about this 'Bottle Imp.' You know the story tells how he was shut up in a bottle—the Imp was—and whoever owned it could have anything he ordered, just like the fellow with the lamp—"

"Except long life!" said I, venturing to interrupt.

"Of course, not that!" replied my strange travelling companion. "If the thing had been used to prolong life, where would the Imp come in? His side of the deal was to get a soul to torture. He couldn't be asked to give 'em length of days, you understand. It couldn't be expected."

I had to admit that from the Imp's standpoint, there was much force in this remark.

"And that other clause in the contract that the owner could sell it," he went on. "That had to be in, or the Imp never could have found a man sucker enough to take the Bottle in the first place."

The cases of Faust, and the man who had the Wild Ass's Skin seemed to me authorities against this statement; but I allowed the error to pass uncorrected.

"On the other hand," he went on, "it was nothing more than fair to have that other clause in, providing that every seller must take less for it than he gave. Otherwise they'd have kept transferring it just before the owner croaked, and the Imp would never have got his victim. But

with that rule in force the price just had to get down so low sometime that it couldn't get any lower, and the Imp would get his *quid pro quo*."

"You speak," said I indignantly, for it horrified me to hear the loss of a soul spoken of in this light manner; "you speak like a veritable devil's advocate!"

"When I've finished telling you of this Federal Imp Company that's just been chartered," said he, "you'll have to admit that there's at least one devil that's in need of the best advocate that money'll hire!"

Here he gave one of his sardonic chuckles, long-continued and rumbling, and peered into the bottle of cocktails, as if the prospective client of the advocate referred to had been confined there.

"When it don't cost anything," he added, "there's no harm in being fair, even with an Imp."

I failed to come to the defense of my position, and he went on.

"Well," said he, "do you remember the 'Bottle Imp's' history that this man Stevenson gives us? Caesar had it once, and wished himself clear up to the head of the Roman Empire. Charlemagne, Napoleon, and a good many of the fellows who had everything coming their way, owed their successes to the Bottle Imp, and their failures to selling out too soon: got scared when they got a headache, or on the eve of battle, or something like that. It was owned in South Africa, and Barney Barnato and Cecil Rhodes both had it. That accounts for the way *they* got up in the world. Then the Bottle and Imp went to the Nob Hill millionaire who bought it for eighty dollars and sold it to Keawe the Kanaka for fifty. The price was getting dangerously low, now, and Keawe was mighty glad when he had wished himself into a fortune and got rid of the thing. Then, just as he was about to get married, he discovered that he had leprosy, hunted up the Bottle, which he found in the possession of a fellow who had all colors of money and insomnia, both of which he had acquired by purchasing the Bottle Imp for two cents, you remember, and was out looking for a transferee, and about on the verge of nervous prostration because he couldn't find one, not at that price! Keawe became so desperate from



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"He grasped my wrist and peered like a hypnotist into my face."

the danger of going to the leper colony and the loss of his sweetheart, that he bought the Bottle for a cent, in the face of the fact that, so far as he knew, a cent was the smallest coin in the world, and the bargain, accordingly, cinched him as the Imp's peculiar property, for all eternity. I'll be—hanged—if I know whether to despise him for his foolishness or to admire him for his sand!"

"You recall," said I, "that his wife directed his attention to the *centime*—"

"Yes," said he, "she put him on. And they threw away one transfer by placing it on the market at four *centimes*. They might just as well have started it at five."

"I don't see that," said I.

"Because you haven't figured on it," said he. "You haven't been circulating in Imp circles lately, as I have, where these

things are discussed. Listen! A *centime* is the hundredth part of a franc, and a franc is about nineteen cents. A cent, therefore, is a fraction more than five *centimes*. But they started it at four, the chocolate-colored idiots, after getting rid of their leprosy! When I think how that Bottle Imp has been mismanaged, I am driven—"

He illustrated that to which he was driven, by a gesture with the bottle on the table. He coughed, and took up his *résumé* of the story.

"Let that pass. They put it up at four *centimes*, and without Keawe's knowledge that she had anything to do with it, Keawe's wife got an old man to buy it, and she took it off his hands at three. The Kanaka soon found out that he was now carrying his eternal damnation in his wife's name, and he procured an old skip-



DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"He crept to the door and peered down the aisle."

per or mate, or some such fellow in a state of intoxication, to buy it of her for two, on the agreement that he would take it again for one. Here they were, frittering away untold fortunes, each trying to go to perdition to save the other—it makes me tired! But the old bos'n or whatever he was, said he was going, you know where, anyhow, and figured that the Bottle was a good thing to take with him, and kept it. And there's where the Kanakas got out of a mighty tight place—"

"And the Bottle disappeared and passed into history!" I broke in. I was

really absorbed in the conversation, in spite of a slight vertigo, now that we had got into the field of literature where I felt at home.

"Passed into—nothing!" he snorted. "Passed into the state of being the Whole Thing! Became It! Went on the road to the possession of the Federal Imp Company as the sole asset of the corporation. Folks 'll see now pretty quick, whether it passed into history or not! Ycs, I should say so!"

"Who's got it now?" I whispered. I was so excited that I found myself sitting across the table, and us mingling our breaths like true conspirators. He had a good working majority in the breaths, however.

"Who's the Charlemagne, the J. Caesar, the Napoleon of the present day?" he whispered in reply, after looking furtively

over his shoulder. "It don't need a Sherlock Holmes to tell that, does it?"

"Not," said I, "not J. P.—"

"No," said he, "It's John D.—"

But before he finished the name he crept to the door and peered down the aisle, and then whispered it in my ear so sibilantly that I felt for a minute as I used to do when I got water in my ear when swimming. But I noticed it very little in my astonishment at the fact he had imparted to me. I felt that I was pale. He rose again and prowled about as if for eavesdroppers. I felt myself a Guy

Fawkes, an Aaron Burr, an—anything covert and dangerous.

"He bought this Bottle Imp," my companion went on, resuming his seat, "of the old sailing-master, or whatever he was—the man with the downward tendency and the jag. What J. D. wanted was power, just as Caesar and Napoleon wanted it in their times. But the same kind of power wouldn't do. Armies were the tools of nations then; now they are the playthings. Now nations are the tools of money, and wealth runs the machine. This emperor of ours chose between having the colors dip as he went by, and owning the fellows that made 'em dip. He gave the grand-stand the go-by, and took the job of being the one to pull the string that turned on the current that moved the ruling force that controlled the power behind the power behind the throne. D'ye understand?"

"It's a little complex," said I, "the way you state it, but—"

"It'll all be clear in the morning," he said. "Anyway, that's what he chose. And what is he? The Emperor of Coin. He was a modest business man a few years ago. Suddenly the wealth of a continent began flowing into his control. It rolled in and rolled in, every coin making him stronger and stronger, until now the business of the world takes out insurance policies on his life and scans the reports of his health as if the very basis of society were John D. You-Know-Who. Emperors court his favor, and the financial world shakes when he walks. You don't think for a minute that this could be done by any natural means, do you?"

"But the price of the bottle was one *centime!*" said I, my altruism coming uppermost once more. "One *centime*: and he is no longer young!"

"Exactly," he answered, "and he's got to sell it, or go to—. Well, he's just about got to sell it!"

"But how?" I queried. "What coin is there smaller than a *centime*—what he paid?"

"All been figured out," said he, airily. "Who solved the puzzle I don't know; but I guess it was Senator Depew. Know what a mill is?"

"A mill? Yes," said I. "A factory? A pugilistic encounter? A money of account?"

"Yes," said he, "a 'money of account.' Never coined. One tenth of a cent. *One half a centime!* Have you heard of Senator Aldrich's currency bill, S. F. 41144? It's got a clause in it providing for the coinage of the mill. And there's where I come in. I'm an unelected legislator—third house, you know. Let the constructive statesmen bring in their little bills. I'm satisfied to put 'em through! S. F. 41144 is going to be put through, and old J. D. 'll sell his Bottle, Imp and all. Price, one mill. When this grip epidemic started in, he got a touch of it, and I'll state that a sick man feels a little nervous with that Imp in stock. So they wired for me. It's going to be a fight all right!"

"Why, who will oppose the bill?" said I. "No one will know its object."

"Lots of folks will oppose it," said he. "Every association of clergymen in the country is liable to turn up fighting it tooth and nail. There are too many small coins now for the interests of the people who depend on contribution boxes. The Sunday Schools will all be against it. And the street-car companies won't want the cent subdivided. Then it'll be hard to convince Joe Cannon; he's always looking for a nigger in the fence, and there *is* one here, you understand. But the mill's going to be coined, all the same!"

"But," said I, "who will buy the diabolical thing for a mill. If Keawe and his wife had such trouble selling it for a *centime*, it will be impossible to dispose of it for a mill, absolutely impossible! It's the irreducible minimum!"

"I take it, Sir," said he, with a recurrence of the capital S, "that you are not engaged in what Senator Lodge in our conference last night called 'hot finance'?"

"No," I admitted, for in spite of the orthoepical error, I understood him. "No, I am not—not exactly."

"I inferred as much from your remark," said he. "When there's anything to be done, too large for individual power, or dangerous in its nature, or, let us say, repugnant to some back-number criminal law, or, as in this case, dangerous to the individual's soul's salvation, what do you

do? Why you organize a corporation, if you know your business, and turn the whole thing over to it—and there you are. The Federal Imp Company will take over the Bottle Imp at the price of one mill. Mr. R. won't own it any more. His stock will be non-assessable, and all paid up by the transfer of the Imp, and there can't be any liability on it. He can retain control of it if he wants to—and you notice he generally wants to, and can laugh in the Imp's face. We've got all kinds of legal opinions on *that*. And whoever controls that company will rule the world. That Imp is the greatest corporate asset that ever existed. All that's needed is for the president of the corporation to wish for anything, or the board of directors to pass a resolution, and the thing asked for comes a-running. The railways, steamships, banks, factories, lands—everything worth having—are just as good as taken over.

Why it's the Universal Merger, the Trust of Trusts! The stockholders of the Federal Imp Company will be the ruling class of the world, a perpetual aristocracy; and the man with fifty-one per cent of the stock, or proxies for it, will be Emperor, Czar, Kaiser, Everything!"

"But this is stupendous!" I exclaimed: for, being a student of political economy—"economics", they call it now—I at once perceived the significance of his statements. "This is terrible! It is revolution! It is the end of democracy! Can't it be stopped?"

"M'h'm," said he, quietly, evidently assenting to my rather excited statement; and then in reply to my question, he added with another chuckle, "Stop nothing! Federal injunction won't do it: presidential veto won't do it: nor calling out the militia: nor anything else. For the Imp controls the courts, the president, *and* the army; and J. D. R. runs the Imp—fifty-one per cent of the Imp stock! The socialists will go out campaigning in favor of the government's taking over the Federal Imp Company, but the Imp controls the government—and the socialists, too, when you come down to brass nails. Oh, it's a cinch, a timelock, leadpipe cinch! The stuff's off with everybody else, if we can get this bill through!"

I was shocked into something like a cat-

aleptic state, and sat dazed for awhile. Either this or the strong cigar, or something, so effected me that, as he passed the flask to me for the fourth time, the smoking compartment seemed to swim about me as the train rolled thunderously onward through the night. To steady myself I gazed fixedly at my extraordinary fellow traveller as he sat, his now well-nigh empty bottle before him, peering into it from time to time as if for some potent servant of his own. Suddenly he leaned back and laughed more diabolically than ever.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he roared. "You ought to have been with us last night in his library! Aldrich and Depew and some of the others were there, and we were checking over our list of sure votes in the 'house.' The old man had the 'grip', as I said a while ago, and privately, I'll state I think he's scared stiff; for every fifteen minutes we got a bulletin from his doctors and messages from him to rush S. F. 41144 to its passage, regardless, or he'd accept a bid he'd got for the Bottle Imp from Sir Thomas Lipton, who wants it for some crazy scheme regarding lifting the Cup. All the while, there stood the Bottle with the Imp in it. When the grip news was coming in there was nothing doing with his Impship. But whenever we began discussing his transfer to the Company, the way business picked up in that bottle was a caution! Why, you could hear him stabbing the stopper with his tail, and grinding his horns against the sides of the bottle, and fighting like a weasel in a trap, in such a rage that the Bottle glowed like a red-hot iron. It was shameful! One of the lawyers took the horrors, and had to be taken home in a carriage—threw a conniption fit every block! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Oh! it was great stuff!"

"I don't see—" I began.

"No? Don't you?" he queried, between the satanic chuckles. "Well, by George, the Imp saw, all right! He saw that modern financial ingenuity has found a way to flim-flam the devil himself. He saw, Sir, (here his voice assumed an oratorical orotund, and the capital S came in again) that our corporation lawyers have found a spoon long enough so that we can safely sup with Satan! Why, let me ask

you once, what did the Imp go into the Bottle deal for in the first place? To get the aforesaid soul. You can see how he'd feel, now that the price is down to the last notch but one, to have it sold to a corporation, with no more soul than a rabbit! If — that — don't beat the — the devil, what does?"

It all dawned upon me now. The reasonableness of the entire story appealed to me. I reached for the paper. There it was: "Federal Imp Company: Charter powers very broad, taking in almost the entire field of business." I looked at the lobbyist. He had dropped asleep with his head on the table beside the empty cocktail bottle. Again things seemed to swim, and I lapsed into a state of something like coma, from which I was aroused by someone shaking me by the shoulder.

"Berth's ready, suh," said the porter, and passed to my companion.

"Hyah's Devil's Gulch Sidin', suh," said he, rousing the slumbering lobbyist. "You get off, hyah, suh!"

He passed out of the door with a Chesterfieldian bow and good night. I passed a sleepless and anxious night. The shock, or something, made me quite ill. I have not yet recovered my peace of mind. An effort which I made to place the matter before Dr. Byproduct, the president of the university where I am a teacher of English, led to such a stern reproof that I was forced to subside. The doctor said that the story was a libel upon a great and good man who had partially promised the university an endowment of ten millions of dollars. I am ready, however, to appear before any congressional committee which may be appointed to investigate the matter, or before the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to testify to the facts as above written, if it costs me my position.

## The Maniac in the Wilderness

BY EDGAR FRANKLIN

Jogging across the wilderness with his pretty young niece—it was one of those very dry "Middle West" wildernesses across which one jogs only from dire necessity—John Bascom was the first to come upon the Maniac.

He appeared only mildly crazy at the time. He was rather young and rather well dressed. He stood behind a surveyor's transit, planted in the miserable dry grass, and made motions to another person in the far distance. He nodded briefly to Mr. Bascom, raised his hat a trifle and went on adjusting the sights; and after a few minutes of silent watching the native hazarded:

"What ye doin'?"

"Surveying." The Maniac turned for an instant; then glued his eyes to the transit again.

"What for?"

"Want to get a line."

This being perfectly definite and absolutely indefinite, Mr. Bascom, who was

rarely aroused to curiosity by anything on earth, waited for another fruitless space, clucked to the team, and sent the buggy jogging along toward Hempville again.

The extremely pretty niece looked back just once, found the lonely one watching the buggy with evident interest and turned forward again rather hurriedly.

"What can he be doing, uncle?"

"S'veyin'," said Mr. Bascom.

"But what for."

"I dunno, Gen'veeve."

"He must have some sort of purpose?"

"Prob'lly."

"You don't know him?"

"Never see him before today, Gen'veeve."

"Well, I don't know, but I believe that I have seen him somewhere in Chicago, uncle. Now, where could it have been?"

"I dunno."

Mr. Bascom flicked a colossal horse fly from the near gray and the subject was dropped. If a young fellow, apparently

from city regions, chose to go out into that forlorn section, midway in the fifty mile stretch between Hempville and Corseburg, and sight his transit over ground which all but smoked throughout the average summer, and which only the most credulous easterner could be bulldozed into buying, much less into trying to cultivate—well, it was no business of Bascom's.

They returned to Corseburg two days later, and no well dressed young man appeared on the horizon. Perhaps a peculiarly warm zephyrette had wandered in from an odd corner of Kansas or Missouri or the territory and dessicated him and blown him away altogether. It did not occur to Bascom to speculate, for he was mainly occupied with the task of getting the horses to Corseburg alive. If the Maniac recurred to the niece she did not mention him.

A month elapsed, and Mr. Bascom made his next trip across that particular stretch. He had forded Crystal Creek, a clear and beautiful little error of Nature, which refuses to dry up, and had cooled the horse's hoofs for a little while in the stream, when it impressed him vaguely that somewhere hereabouts had been the young man with the surveying operations. He wondered whether they were still in progress and cocked an occasional eye across the parched country.

And after half a mile or so, in the self-same spot, he came across the Maniac once more!

The demented person was not alone this time. Some two dozen men were visible, and a rough shack had appeared as well. There were posts and stakes, too, dozens upon dozens of them, set out in rows and squares, somewhat after the fashion of claims. Nay, more. The men were digging holes and big ones! Not little holes, but holes fifty feet long and twenty or thirty or forty wide! It was beyond Bascom; even he could not conceive that the stranger was staking off the worthless prairie and delving for gold.

He walked the team to the stranger's side, and nodded. The Maniac nodded, in return, addressed a few words to a workman at his side, lighted his pipe, and glanced questioningly at Bascom.

"Hot!" volunteered the native.

"Yep."

"Um." It was not highly encouraging.

"Livin' out here now?"

"Yep."

"Kinder lonely, ain't it?"

The Maniac's hand indicated broadly the men working about.

"No."

"My—my niece, she said she thought she'd seen ye, back t' Ch'ago, that time we was by here, four or five weeks back."

"That so?" The stranger looked up for an instant.

"Yaint acquainted, are ye?"

"No."

Bascom played with the lines and watched an immense darkey heave shovel after shovel of dry earth to the mule drawn wagon at his side. That fellow, like all the rest of them, certainly was working for a purpose. What purpose could impel a man to dig up this part of the world?

"What ye doin' here?"

"Digging."

"What for?"

"Have to."

"Well—haw! haw! I reckoned so, but—"

"You'll have to excuse me," said the Maniac, and he strolled away to the nearest pit for a word with the foreman.

Having permitted curiosity to force him thus far, and without result, Mr. Bascom trotted his team away in disgusted silence and set his face toward Hempville.

But this time the memory of the Maniac would not down. Bascom asked a question or two about him, and learned nothing.

Yet there must be a reason for his digging. And the man must be a Maniac, for no sane man would spend ten cents on land which no native would have taken as a gift; and those workers were certainly not broiling over their shovels for pure love.

Another three or four weeks, and Bascom had created business in Hempville for the sole and unadmitted purpose of having another look at the freak.

He was genuinely surprised this time. There was lumber about now, any quantity of it! How had it reached the isolated spot? He looked around and perceived

that numerous wagons were trailing along, even now, from Hempville way, laden down with boards and beams and planks! Further, the lumber on the spot was being utilized. There was another big, rough shack, and there were more men, and in a number of the holes, uprights were being set.

Barrels of cement, too, lay about; at the far end of the staked-off place stood an odd machine which was beyond Bascom's experience, but which happened to be a crude apparatus for the making of concrete blocks.

It was all well-nigh incredible. He let the buggy stand this time and sought out the Maniac afoot.

The person received him with a slight smile, glanced momentarily at the empty carriage as if in search of something and went on puffing his pipe. Bascom came out bluntly.

"Say, what'n time ye doin' here?"

"What does it look like?"

"Buildin'."

"Well, that's just what it is."

"Out here?"

"Yep."

"Houses?"

"Yep."

"What kind, for God's sake?" inquired Mr. Bascom.

"Flats!"

"Flats!" The native almost started back. "You don't mean—"

"I means flats—apartments—whatever you want to call them," said the Maniac, impatiently. "Six or eight families in a house; all that sort of thing!"

Bascom caught his breath several times.

"You ain't doin' it for an—an investment?"

"No."

"Well, is it goin' to pay ye?"

The Maniac smiled inscrutably.

"Say, is it goin' to pay ye?" inquired the native solicitously.

"Well, my dear man, how can I tell whether it's goin' to pay me or not?" The stranger was facing him calmly now. "And whether it does or not, what earthly business is it of yours, so long as you don't own the land?"

"I, why, I was only askin'!"

The Maniac walked away without a

word. Bascom walked back to his buggy. It was without a single exception the very queerest thing he had encountered in forty-three years of uneventful life in the county. There would be other people speculating now, too, and he made for Hempville in search of enlightenment.

Hempville was quite as curious and quite as badly informed as Bascom himself. Everybody knew all about it and nobody knew anything whatever. All the available lumber of the town had been carted out to the forsaken prairie and dropped there, and endless quantities were ordered. The cement supply, too, was exhausted, and carloads were coming along in due time from Braggtown, the end of the branch road.

Arrangements had been made for mule teams; labor had been brought from distant parts; all bills were promptly paid by the Maniac himself, who signed the checks simply, "P. Richmond." One or two of these slips had been for several thousand dollars, and there had been no trouble whatever about any of them. Therefore, the Maniac must be wealthy beyond the proverbial dreams of avarice.

But where did he get his money, and why under the sun was he spending it out there? What queer freak of a distorted, sickened mind could have set a man to building flat-houses, of which there were absolutely none either in Hempville or in Corseburg, on the face of the sun-baked wilderness?

The general opinion was that someone should be sent out to stop him; that the Lunacy Commission should be notified. The lumber people and the people who had mules to sell or to hire out did not share the belief, but the rest cried aloud that the poor young man be saved from himself.

Still, when a man pays his bills and has no other legal obstacle ahead, it is rather hard to restrain him from doing as he pleases. The Maniac, or Mr. Richmond, did very much as he pleased. He ordered lumber and he ordered nails; he ordered everything conceivable in the building line and he paid out those beautifully good checks for everything he received. He appeared to be having a splendid, enjoyable time with his flat-houses in the barren

desert; and after a while the locality became a perfect show-place for the county.

People started early on fine Sundays and drove out, with their lunches tucked under the seat. They reached the place a little before noon, and strolled up and down; they tried to converse with the lolling laborers, and found that absolutely nothing could be gleaned from any one of them. Once or twice, attempts were made upon the Maniac himself, and the amount of satisfaction anyone received might have been estimated liberally as a thimble full.

He was building flats, that was certain. There were fifteen houses under way, now, right out there in the prairie. They were going to be nice houses, too, and if anyone wanted to rent apartments, it would be well to speak now. Later, there might very likely be a rush to occupy them. The Maniac was willing to draw leases for desirable tenants on the spot. They laughed at him; he was an amusing lunatic of a kind such as had never before penetrated the Middle West and lived.

Curiously, the papers printed nothing whatever as to the phenomenon, and what was learned came preforce through personal inspection or through gossip. Sunday by Sunday, then, the reports came in and circulated among the two towns and the outlying farms.

The walls were up. The roofs were on. They were making window sashes and doors on the premises and putting them up. They were not stopping for anything. The gangs were there to build flathouses, and flathouses they were building!

Bascom drove over alone once more in late October, when things were beginning to cool off pretty well and there was a breath of winter in the air. He found the Maniac without difficulty, and for the first time in months attempted to glean further information.

"Gettin' on, aint ye?"

"Looks that way."

"Say! That's a—that's a string o' skyscrapers ye got there!"

"What, three stories high?" observed the Maniac.

Bascom shook his head.

"They look putty nice, but—"

The Maniac evinced no interest in the pause.

"What they goin' to be like, mister?"

"Seven rooms and bath in an apartment; steam heat in winter; hot water supplied all the year around—"

"Phew!"

"—sanitary plumbing, porcelain bath tubs, stationary wash tubs, nice cabinet work in the parlors; all big rooms, just as big and comfortable as the houses hereabouts. Want to rent one?"

"I guess not mister." Bascom looked farther down the line. "What ye stakin' off down there, more ground?"

"Yep."

"You—you goin' to build *more*?"

"Yep."

"Flats?"

"No."

"Well, what?"

"Oh, half a dozen stores and a few dwelling houses!"

"Out here?"

The Maniac merely smiled. It was wholly beyond belief. Bascom pinched himself; he was awake. Then since the whole affair was not a dream, someone should try to reason with the poor, mad young mind.

Mr. Bascom undertook the task forthwith.

"Say, now, mister, you're a young chap."

"Eh! What? Yes, I know I am."

"Well, now, what 'n Heaven's name's the sense o' wastin' your money like this? Most likely you think you see your way, most likely you think people's jest goin' to come flockin' out here to live in them noo houses. But they ain't! You jest take my word for it, sonny, they ain't!"

"They ain't, ain't they?" repeated the Maniac, with a gentle mockery that passed straight over Mr. Bascom's head.

"No, sir, they ain't! You'll see I'm right pretty quick. And when they don't where you goin' to be?"

"I give it up," said Richmond, frankly.

"Now then, this here ground, I b'leeve it's owned by some blamed estate in Chicago that ain't got no manner o' use for it, ain't it?"

"I don't believe that they have much use for it now."

"Well, I'll jest tell you the history of it, then. It was palmed off on that old—whatever his name was—nigh eighteen years ago, and he wasn't never able to sell it to the very day he died!"

"He was not?"

"No, sir! And the land only knows, he tried hard enough, too, so!" Bascom was quite pleased with the lucid manner in which he was setting forth the deplorable folly of the affair. "Ye see how much he thought of it! Then there's another thing, too. You're talkin' about water. There ain't a cupful here, springs or any other kind!"

"Crystal Creek's not more than half a mile away, and uphill from here."

"Yes, but it ain't here! And you can't go to work and dig a noo channel for it, can ye?"

"No."

"Then why don't ye pitch the whole business over now; why don't ye git out of it while ye've got a little left? Why, one o' them Vanderbilts couldn't stand much more building, the way this must be costing you."

"Thanks, I'll think about it," said the Maniac, smoothly.

Apparently, his thinking did no good. Winter arrived and there were plumbing supplies and wall paper galore, waiting to be installed when the weather should prevent out door work.

Over the winter, interest rather died away. The first days of the next spring saw further trucks traveling the little used stretch toward the isolated apartment houses; and the first really fine Sunday saw a dozen parties from the two towns, out to see what was by now probably the abandoned folly of the Maniac.

They were disappointed; they were amazed; it might even be said that, one and all, they were completely dumfounded!

The Maniac had not quite abandoned his queer doings; rather than that, he had pushed them along wonderfully in the last few weeks. His flat-houses were quite complete now, barring water. His five stores stood in a trim line a little farther down what was now, apparently, the main street. Beyond them some ten comfortable dwelling houses were set well

apart! It was something like a mirage, fresh risen from the desert.

Bascom found the Maniac again, and made a final attempt.

"Young feller," he said solemnly, "do you mind tellin' me jest what you're a doin' here?"

"Not at all."

"Well, what is it then?"

"I'm doing some building."

"Durn it! I see that! But what for?"

"Why, for people to live in, of course."

"And you honest believe that folks is comin' out to this here forsaken, bone-dry area o' nothingness to live?"

"I don't know," said the Maniac, placidly.

"And I reckon ye don't care!"

"Oh, a little." The Maniac shifted his cigar. "See anything here you like in the way of a house?"

"No!" snapped the disgusted Mr. Bascom.

"Well, come around again, then. I'm going to start a few more next week," said the Maniac, as he loitered away. "I guess there'll be something you'll like."

Bascom looked about him and gave it up, for the time. A town was certainly growing up in the wilderness; a town which could have no occupants, no water, no comfort, no anything! All right. If the blamed fool wanted to build a city the size of St. Louis, and he had money to do it, let him go ahead! Bascom was done speculating.

It was just a little later in the spring that other matters arose which fairly took the county mind from such trifles as the Maniac and his crazy city.

The first stirring news came from Washington. The powers there had bestirred themselves at last, and the irrigation people were going to do something toward reclaiming the vast, useless stretch of dry country between Corseburg and Hempville. Experiment had shown long ago that the soil was perfectly tillable if sufficiently watered; experiment had also shown the constancy of Crystal Creek and its adaptability for irrigation purposes.

Now the red tape was unwound, and work was to be pushed immediately! What had through all time been a barren

## THE RED BOOK

stretch of hot, sandy ground, scorned by all mankind, was to blossom forth!

Among the knowing ones, there was a rush for land in the section. Little of it seemed for sale just then, and what was offered commanded prices a trifle less than ridiculous. Acreage which one could have purchased the previous year for next to nothing now appeared to be worth a small fortune. The buying fever died out immediately.

Next came the glad tidings that the long-expected railroad was "going through." The wretched little Braggtown branch was to be all but abandoned; the main line itself, said report, was going to cut straight across the county!

Immediately came the vast question: would it go through Corseburg or through Hempville? The former was the county seat; the latter rather the larger town, by reason of its nearness to Braggtown and the present railroad. The former, therefore, claimed the road by reason of its official prestige, the latter by reason of its size. Upon which would the road decide? No authoritative information seemed obtainable.

This question of an impending railroad, which may or may not pass through one or another ambitious little town, makes small difference to the man in New York who sees a three line account of it in his paper; but it is a very vital issue to the towns most concerned. Where a railroad comes, there comes prosperity and growth and business and increased values; and both Corseburg and Hempville felt the crying need of all these things.

The railroad was silent; therefore, it needed persuading, apparently, and both communities set forth to persuade. Hempville was arrogantly ready to guarantee any amount of freight business; Corseburg likewise. Hempville had far the better school, and Hempville had many more fine residences; therefore, the road must pass through Hempville. But Corseburg had the court house and the jail and all other things that pertained to law and litigation and the maintenance of order and authority; and, therefore, the road would naturally wish to pass through Corseburg.

It came presently to the organization of

local committees for the furtherance of each community's interests. And they worked! They collected subscriptions right and left; they gathered money from property owners who could afford to give and from property owners who could not. But property was going to increase in value now and the holders were forced to pay *pro rata*—for what they had not yet received.

After that, the movement went swingingly ahead. Corseburg committees and Hempville committees waited upon the railroad. They could learn nothing very definite; indeed, the road seemed rather astonished at the idea of going through either one of the towns. The claims of both places were urged feelingly by able speakers, and the road received the information quietly and said that it should be filed for consideration.

A building fever came upon the county towns, too. Hempville used every last ounce of effort to start the erection of new structures. Corseburg did better. She secured a promise from no less than three factories to locate within her precincts so soon as ever the road should decide to pass through. Hempville went out to find other factories, and after much expense and exertion duplicated the prospects of her sister city.

And after a time, the committees had exhausted their moneys and their resources, and all hands waited for the result.

The result was a staggering blow.

It was announced one morning through a formal letter from the railroad to the chairman of the Hempville committee. The road had decided—some time ago, it appeared—that it could gain nothing in particular by stopping at either of the two towns. Therefore, since the irrigation prospect was bright and the work almost under way, and since the ground was level and easy to build upon, and since it would soon be fertile and well occupied, the railroad would cut straight across the present wilderness. And indeed, the letter added cheerfully, work was progressing at that very moment!

The wilderness! The dry, despised wilderness, which was now to be doubly blessed with water and with a railroad! After all their money spending and their

organizing of committees and their trouble, the road was going through the wilderness and Hempville and Corseburg were to be left behind!

And as for the wilderness and the Maniac's town? A little circular flooded both communities after a few days. It pointed out that a ready made city now stood squarely on the line of the proposed road and that all sorts of property were for sale and to rent! It stated that farms might be leased or bought, too, all along the line of the road and the irrigation operations, by applying to P. Richmond, Richmond Postoffice! What it did not state, and what people learned within a painfully short time, was that one could buy absolutely nothing besides "P. Richmond" property, anywhere in the county's new, promising section!

The Maniac had, indeed, secured a monopoly on the wilderness!

Let Bascom tell the rest.

"Yes, we're movin' over to Richmond next week. It ain't no use stayin' here in Corseburg when everybody's goin' over there to live. Why, they ain't so much as a flat to rent in the blamed place now, an' if ye want one, ye have to speak before it's built! Guess that won't be so long, though, now the road's been put through and Porter kin git his lumber an' stuff quicker.

"Ye don't see how he ever did it? Well, I didn't see, neither, till he told me all about it, couple o' weeks ago. Ye see, he's goin' to marry my niece, Gen'veeve, from Chicago, an' he sorter opened his heart 'bout the whole business when they come in here one night an' bruk the news.

"First place, his name ain't Richmond at all. It's Philip Richmond Porter, an' his paw's nobody else than John Porter, the railroad man. Guess he's got millions enough to do 'bout two dozen like me an' you. Well, that's who he is, anyway, an' it's only on account o' bein' such that he ever showed up here.

"Near's I can make out, an' Phil's a pretty honest sort, I jedge, near's I can make out, the young feller didn't show a hull lot o' sense when he was growin' up. Him an' his pa had a lot o' arguments

'bout what he was goin' to accomplish in life, an' all that kind o' talk. They couldn't seem to hit it off, somehow. Phil, he wanted to sorter go into real estate, I b'leeve, an' his paw wanted him t' go right inter the railroad office an' learn the business an' work up. That was too slow for Phil, though, arter a while, and he chucked up the job.

"Most likely, that made a lot o' trouble in the fam'ly. Near's I understand there was a grand old fuss one night a couple o' years ago. The old man said out flat that the boy wa'n't never goin' to amount to a row o' pins, and the boy put it right up to his paw that if he had the capital, he'd dig right in an' make a free an' independent fortune in 'bout a year's time.

"That got old Porter crazy, more particular after the boy'd thrown it at him a few times. What do you suppose he does? Well, sir, he ends up by laying down the durnedest proposition ever heard by mortal ears!

"He said that next morning he'd give Phil a cold million dollars in cash, an' with that he was to disappear! If he made money an' success, he could come around an' everything'd be all right again an' the old man'd admit he was wrong. If he didn't, he could stay away! Now, what d' ye think o' that!"

Bascom paused to chuckle appreciatively.

"Well, sir, mornin' came 'round an' so did Phil, an' so did the million! The old feller jest transferred that sum to the boy, shook hands with him and told him to git out an' not come back till he'd done something! What's that? Oh, yes, they've met again. The old feller came down a couple o' months ago, when it leaked out who'd started the town o' Richmond right in the heart o' the burnin' desert.

"Well, Phil'd learned a thing or two while he was in that railroad office. One thing he happened to remember was the line that had been surveyed right through this county three years ago, when the railroad first contemplated goin' through. Nobody hereabouts knew much o' that, an' what few did, forgot it pretty quick, an' the railroad never give out that they'd even decided to use tha' route.

"What did Phil do but find the company's surveyor an' bring him down here, quiet an' unostentatious, and find out precisely where that durn survey had run! Then he made his plans an' went ahead.

"First of all, he went to that estate in Ch'cago an' made a cash offer fer all the land they'd been waitin' years to sell, the only stipulation bein' that the sale shouldn't become public. Then he come back here an' put a man to work findin' out who owned the rest o' the bad land an' buyin' it in, too, with the understandin' that it wa'n't to be talked about. Next, he bought up the two local papers, so's his operations wouldn't git inter print any sooner'n he could help, an' they've been runnin' on that basis ever sence.

"Then he went to work an' built his houses, an' you know the rest. He know'd when the road was comin' an' where it was goin' to come! He bought the land fer less per acre than ye could buy it per foot today almost! His gosh blamed uncle, who's a senator down to Washington, happened to be friendly, and in the secret, too, an' this thing o' havin' the irrigation work pushed along so fine is his doin' I understand! It was putty durn near a cinch, all 'round, though some folks hereabouts did say the young

feller was touched in the upper story!

"Was it a success! Well, folks saw pretty quick that Hempville an' Corseburg was goin' to be left way behind the percission in about six months after the road opened, and they made jest one grand rush fer Richmond! There was noo stores! There was noo houses! There wasn't nothin' old an' slovenly an' tumble down, the way they is in both these durned towns! The whole place was jest ready fer quick business o' every sort an' description, an' three months arter the positive news o' the road's comin' was published, there wa'n't a flat, ner a store ner a house to let in Richmond, an' all the carpenters young Porter could hire was either on hand or comin', to build more stuff! Oh, it was a success, all right, but it's made Corseburg an' Hempville look about like thutty cents!"

"An' as fer Phil makin' money out o' the deal! Well, say!" Bascom guffawed. "I guess him an' Gen'veeve'll have enough t' worry along, anyway. He started in with a clean million, an' they say he borrowed half another from his uncle; but, however that was, what he's sold already 'mounts up to jest seventeen million dollars' wuth o' property, an' he ain't half done!"

## A Side Trip for Jimmy the Chink

BY DANE COOLIDGE

It is given to few Chinamen in America to feel themselves indispensable to the happiness of the community. Dennis Kearney and the Sandlotters, and many a petty ruffian since, have made John's life a hard one and left him, driven from more gainful trades, humbly glad to be allowed to wash the virile sweat from the shirt of the American workingman. In consideration of this being done for half price, the men who toil ordinarily allow their yellow brother to wash in peace, leaving the indulgence in race persecution to the unwashed. To throw stones at a Chinaman is the hereditary right of the California street boy, but the free territory of

Arizona is bound by no such traditions. In some towns the imprint of a Chinese slipper has never marked the dust; in others where some "good Chinaman" led the way, his brethren are lightly tolerated, as superior to Mexicans and Indians, faithful workers, and game losers at faro, withal.

In one such friendly town dwelt Jimmy, the "Chink," and Gold Rock swore it could not spare Jimmy for a day. For without his restaurant they admitted they would starve, or founder on their own heavy biscuits. Everyone, except Casey and his gang, tried to keep Jimmy happy, for then there was good eating at the

"Gold Rock Restaurant." Like his own sweet scented lilies, the only flowers in town, Jimmy would unfold and beam in the sunshine of their praise, giving forth dumplings and hot cakes with a prodigal hand. But Casey and his gang, mere shovellers at the mine, were from San Francisco, and as rough a gang of hoodlums as ever went out in a box car. After a disastrous encounter with one Dick McQuade, the local "Bad Man," they emerged from the whirlwind much chastened in spirit and with a wholesome dread of further trouble. So they turned upon their natural victim, the Chinaman. They tweaked his pigtail as he passed and each swore that it was the other; they slipped into the kitchen and stole cake. Occasionally when he was not looking, they hurled massive cups at the lighted lamps and raised a roughhouse in the darkness. Then all the adulations of Fisher Bailey, the boss, and of the "hard rock" miners would be expended in vain; the bruised lily of China would close and shrink away. Morose and crabbed, Jimmy would burn his beefsteaks recklessly, and refuse to mix more batter for hot cakes.

"Allee time eat. No good!" he would grumble. "I save lil' more money—go back China. Gol' Lock no good! Plitty soon I go 'way."

Sometimes the lean eating would continue for days, and though Casey might



DRAWN BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"John Adams, Jr., accepted Jimmy as his friend and brother."

See page 374

bluster and the Hard-rocks wheedle, not a hot cake nor a dumpling could they gain.

"You no likee, you go 'way!" was the sole reply to both threats and entreaties. Then Fisher Bailey and the Hard-rocks would curse the name of Casey and by their united efforts finally coax Jimmy to the Palace Saloon. There, with drinks and protestations of friendship they would mellow his reluctant soul and then, joining in a grand brotherly attempt to break the faro bank, they would cement the bonds of fellowship. Thus convinced of their good



DRAWN BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"Jimmy became lost in his art." See page 378

will, the sunny nature of Jimmy would reassert itself, and peace would again brood over Gold Rock.

But, though assured of their rough regard, Jimmy was always a little lonely. They praised his hot cakes; but that is not all, even of a Chinaman's life. Of his inner thoughts these burly, eating monsters knew nothing. They never inquired of his past; never assumed that he was more than he seemed. Yellow man and white,

each despising the limitations of the other, met on the common ground of the eating animal, and elsewhere dwelt apart.

Into this world of work and eating there came one day John Adams, Jr., fresh from the East. Though heir to an honored name, a dominating mentality was not the most striking trait of his character. Open hearted and jovial, he exhibited a child-like innocence of the mental reservations with which we accept our revered forefather's declaration, that all men are born free and equal. This alarming attitude of mind, together with a rash desire to fathom the greater mysteries of life at once, had justified his desparaging parents in sending him to Arizona. There, far removed from the more subtle temptations of life, they hoped he might come to years of discretion. Nominally in Gold Rock for his health, which was excellent, he fraternized with Mexicans and Indians as freely as with his guardian, Fisher Bailey, and outraged the last reservation of our famous Declaration by accepting as his friend and brother, Jimmy, the "Chink." When not smoking cigarettes with his vari-colored brethren, he read novels or penned foolish letters to a girl whom his mother disliked. That is the unromantic truth about John Adams, Jr., but to Jimmy he was a great man.

It was not in accord with his former mode of living for Adams, jr., to rise for a six o'clock breakfast. About eight-thirty A. M. he appeared before the Gold Rock restaurant and tapped on the window with a silver quarter. Then he glanced at the big sign, "L. W. Jimmy, Prop.", and laughed indulgently. It was this capacity for appreciating an old joke, combined with a boyish interest in his personal life, that touched the simple heart of Jimmy. Every morning he opened his door with a welcoming smile and while he broiled his best steak and served late breakfast he conversed happily in "pidgin" English.

"You likee my sign, Missee' Adams?" This was the test question of their friendship. As the young wife asks her husband each morning if he loves her, so Jimmy asked approval for his sign, and Adams, jr., a model in this regard, always answered: "Yes, Jimmy, it's very nice. But you stole the initials, didn't you?" and together they would burst into primitive laughter, as children do when they hear a joke they know.

The joke, as gleaned from the torrential stream of Jimmy's eloquence, was as follows. An itinerant sign painter, after painting a large "Gold Rock Restaurant" across the front of Jimmy's place of business, inquired his name. "Jimmy," replied the proprietor. "Jimmy *What?*" demanded the painter. "Tha's all, jus' Jimmy." "Aw, but what's your *other* name? Ain't you got no initials? Like that over there! You see? 'L. W. Ryder, General Merchandise.'" Now Jimmy had thought himself quite Americanized in name, but when the deficiency was pointed out he responded promptly. "Allite! You make him L. W. Jimmy." And L. W. Jimmy it was.

The telling of this well-worn tale always exalted Jimmy from his monosyllabic repose of speech into semi-trance of narration. Assured of a sympathetic listener, his oriental soul soared high, pouring forth its mystic dreams and memories. He told of a great city, walled about, seven high walls within seven broad moats, whose people could not be counted for their numbers and whose king was rich above all the world. Within his frescoed

palace were lofty chambers and corridors, whose walls were hung with ancient embroideries and decorated with the figures of birds and dragons, fashioned of beaten gold, crusted with pearls and emeralds, and great diamonds for their eyes. In treasure vaults below, the king kept gold and precious gems uncounted, and jade-stone inscribed by the gods. It was like some dream of fairyland, but Adams, jr., knew that the tales were true, for the Americans had already marched to the relief of Tientsin and he had seen some of the loot.

"But, Jimmy," he said one day, "these jewels and silks and furs are very valuable. Some day the white men will hear of them, and then all your walls and ditches will not keep them out. It is very bad to have great riches in your city, for the white men will want them, and they know that Chinamen can't fight."

"Can't fight!" cried Jimmy, shrilly, "You think Chinaman no can fight? I tell you. In China many big men, big arm, big leg, but no good! Heap sca'e! But lil' man heap blave! You think I flaid? One day Mexican man come my house—big knife! 'You gi' me money,' he say. 'I killee you!' I no run. Glab quick-pullee gun"—he whipped out a long pistol as he spoke—"Mexican man lun velly fast." Jimmy thrust the revolver within the slack of his waist and spoke with reminiscent sadness.

"Ah, Missee' Adams, I have much touble. How do you think Chinaman be blave? If he lick Melican man—no good! Ev'ybody say 'Shoot the 'Chink'!' Allee same die. You call him flee countly? But not fo' all!" Then for a day Jimmy was lost in gloomy broodings, and Adams spoke of bravery no more.

As the nights grew colder and the jagged peaks to the west lost their rich purple glow, the miners noted only vaguely that winter was upon them. But something awoke in the heart of John Adams, jr., and he began to collect gifts—blankets and baskets from the Indians; hair ropes and leather work from the Mexicans, while with his own hands he wrought on a rattlesnake belt for a waist absurdly small.

"Pretty soon come Christmas," he vol-

unteered one morning. "You savvy Christmas, Jimmy?"

"Yep. Me savvy. Ev'ybody get d'lunk, shoot gun, makee luf house. Las' Klismus blake 'im nice looky glass; cos' me sisteen dolla'. No good!"

The demolition of his little bar on Christmas eve was a sore memory for Jimmy, and he went off grumbling. But when breakfast was over and Adams, jr., had presented him with a propitiatory cigar, he condescended to inquire further concerning this great Christian holiday.

The hanging of stockings, the Christmas tree, the special privileges which the mistletoe confers, only awakened a polite interest, but at the mention of Santa Claus Jimmy began to pay attention.

"Him, San' Claw, slide down chimley?" he repeated, mildly incredulous.

"Yes, Jimmy," replied Adams, and then, falling into the vein of mysticism that Jimmy loved so well, he explained to this child of the Orient how Santa Claus was the god of good children, and whirled down from the North each year behind his reindeer to give them pleasing gifts.

Jimmy meditated a moment, stirred by this tale of the Christmas god; then he smiled sadly. "Ah, Misce' Adams," he said, "you foolee me! Wha' fo' he no come Gol' Lock?"

Adams, unabashed, explained that Santa Claus was the god of little children, and on Christmas night he was far away to the East, where women and children lived. It would require a special trip to come to Gold Rock, and perhaps even then he would find no one worthy of his grace. To all this Jimmy listened humbly, as one should in discussing the gods. In China they had many gods, but none like this. But the spirit of Christmas time he knew.

"Me savvy him Klismus," he cried suddenly, beaming with his discovery, "allee same Chinee New Yea'!" Ev'ybody pay debt—f'give en'my—hatchet man no shoot. Chinaman make plesent—go see 'um fiend—allee same!"

"Sure," said Adams, glad to escape the subject of Santa Claus, "you've got the idea, only we pay our debts later."

Concerning the similitude of their na-

tional holidays and the dereliction of Santa Claus in not coming to Gold Rock, Jimmy spoke no more, for it was not for him, a humble alien, to question the customs of the American gods. But on the day before Christmas there was great activity in the Gold Rock kitchen. At noon a mysterious smile lurked around the corners of Jimmy's mouth, and he guarded his kitchen jealously. The white dove of peace had hovered over the Gold Rock Restaurant for some time, since Fisher Bailey had warned Casey to be good, in fact—and Jimmy was in high spirits. Unfortunately for his enterprise, Christmas suggested to the hoodlum heart of Casey only freedom from restraint, pay day, and a big drunk; and moved by the proximity of the day, he made bold to raid Jimmy's kitchen, whence came unusual smells. But Jimmy, not to be eluded on that day of all days, stopped him at the door.

"You wait," he said with a gentle, suggestive smile. But Casey was not constituted to wait.

"Get out of my way," he snarled. Then raising his voice to a fighting howl, "Gimme some pie, you pigtailed monkey, or I'll break your face!" He seized a battered cup from the table, but Jimmy did not move. Only his hand stole to the slack of his waistband and his eyes turned suddenly red. They faced each other for a moment, bristling with anger like dogs, when Fisher Bailey leaped up. "I wish you wouldn't bother Jimmy like that," he remarked mildly, the menace of his mighty shoulders supplying the necessary emphasis, and Casey retired without his pie. But on the dump with his gang he waxed garrulous with threats, promising Jimmy the roughhouse of his life that night.

In the kitchen of the Gold Rock Restaurant that afternoon there was a scene to make missionaries weep for joy: a heathen Chinaman preparing for the Christian Christmas. Lovingly Jimmy the "Chink" labored on a monster Christmas cake, the like of which had never been seen in Gold Rock, but as he covered it with snowy frosting, no lovely Christmas carol moved his lips; his eyes still burned and he muttered eloquent Chinese curses. It was only as he rolled a paper cone and



DRAWN BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"Me-shoot-'em-down Jim. You pay me six bit." See page 378

began to squeeze out dextrous blue curly-cues of icing, that Jimmy forgot the aggressions of Casey and became lost in his art. When at last the crowning inscription, "Mellie Klismus to all," flowed smoothly upon the crystal center, art triumphed wholly and a seraphic smile lighted his face, such as comes only to him who views a masterpiece from his own hand.

It was a wonderful dinner that Jimmy served that Christmas eve—even Casey was impressed. His boasted roughhouse was postponed course after course, and even when the dessert arrived he waited, stretching his skin to accommodate the last of the dainties. But though gorged almost into good humor, he was still mindful of his oath, and at last he drew away from the table and began to meditate mischief. At the moment when he had prodded himself into activity his machinations were suddenly brought to an end. A horse came clattering up the street and leaped violently upon the porch. A moment later the burly ruffian McQuade stamped in through the front door and hurled himself into a chair.

"Gimme some grub, 'Chink,'" he roared, without so much as a glance at the men about him "and be damn quick about it."

At sight of the Bad Man come down from the mountains for Christmas, Casey's heart stood still. On the last Fourth of July, lone handed and without weapons McQuade had thrashed the whole 'Frisco gang in a rough and tumble fight, and his arrival on that Christmas Eve looked decidedly ominous. Also etiquette had not prompted him to remove a bulging pistol from his hip, and when he raised his eyes the whole gang as suddenly looked to their plates.

"Well, if there ain't that Casey," he remarked scornfully, and fixed him with his eye. At the evident signs of a rough house, the wild look came into Jimmy's eyes again but he brought on the soup with a steady hand.

"Gimme some grub, I said," shouted McQuade and struck the offending dish to the floor. Then he resumed his contemplation of Casey. Being served with more substantial food he gnashed upon it like a wolf, bolting great hunks, and roll-

ing his eyes at the gang, as if wondering which to attack first. Incidentally he glanced at the calm face of Fisher Bailey. Perhaps he saw something there which suggested war, for as Jimmy glided in with dessert the Bad Man suddenly kicked his chair over and started up. As if seized from below Casey slid under the table and hid like a whipped dog. With a harsh laugh McQuade leered at the cringing 'Frisco boys for a minute, then turned and started for the door. But Jimmy, his eyes red with the great anger which the Chinese call "Chi," stepped before him.

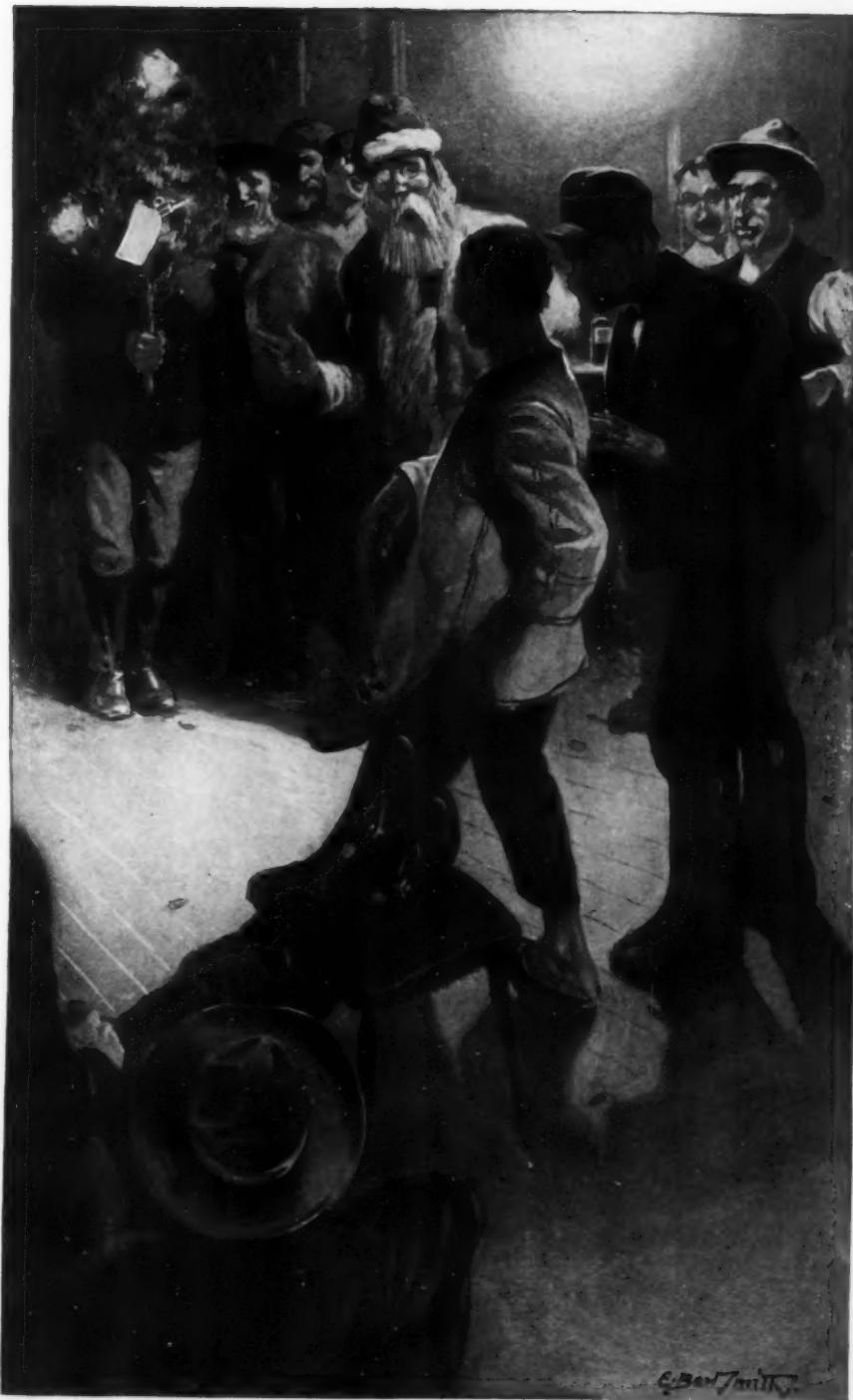
"You pay me?" he inquired with deceptive plaintiveness.

The Bad Man glared at him for a moment in astonishment; then he placed his boot against a table. "I'm shoot-em-up-Dick!" he thundered. "I don't pay."

Then the devil of Jimmy's fighting ancestry, the green-eyed demon, Chi, burst its prudential bonds. A barbaric cry rang above the crash of crockery and with a tigerish swing his hand leaped to the slack of his trousers and he covered the bully with his gun.

"Meshoot-em-down-Jim!" he screamed, exalted to repartee. "You pay me—six bit!" The long barrel of his pistol wobbled and his fingers gripped the guard in nervous spasms. Dick McQuade had seen the death-hate in another's eyes before and his jaw fell slack, while instinctively his hands went up. Fascinated with horror, he fixed his gaze on that clutching gun finger—and waited. But Jimmy had not gone clean amuck; his hand steadied a little and the screech left his voice.

"You pay me—six bit!" he reiterated, and with a shudder of relief, McQuade turned one of his pockets inside out and edged towards the door. Slowly the pistol followed, the eyes behind glowing like those of a tiger who sees his prey slipping beyond his leap, and McQuade watched them as tensely. Then a sudden scuffle rose behind, and his eyes wavered; a crash came from the kitchen, and Jimmy whirled as if stung by a wasp. The last member of Casey's gang was just disappearing through the kitchen door. Forgetting his deadly purpose, Jimmy left McQuade, who bolted, and dashed after them.



DRAWN BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"Jimmy gazed in terror at Santa Claus." See page 380

"Ai! Ai! Him Casey!" he cried, and seized by some phantasy of the demon, Chi, he imagined they were raiding his cake. In the violence of his outrush, Casey had, indeed, taken the screen door with him—but he had not stopped for the cake. As Shoot-em-up Dick thundered down the road his horse plunged into the flying 'Frisco gang who scattered wildly and took to the brush like rabbits. This was the last seen of Casey and his gang in Gold Rock.

It was Fisher Bailey who came to first and followed Jimmy into the kitchen. "You better give me that gun, Jimmy," he said, reaching for the pistol and lowering the hammer, "It might go off and hurt somebody. What do you call this?" he demanded, not unkindly, for Jimmy stood, heartbroken, by his masterpiece in frosting.

"Him Klismus cake," he answered dully. "I make him for boys. Ai, Mis' Bailey ev'ybody no likee me! I go 'way!" Jimmy burst into a wail and began to shed tears like a Christain.

"Oh, I guess not," said Bailey, laying a gentle hand on Jimmy's shoulder. "Strikes me you heap brave—all same American man! You come out—see boys!"

At this Jimmy brightened up a little. "Him boys likee me now?" he asked, holding back.

"Sure," said Bailey. "McQuade and Casey no good. You run them out of town. Boys heap glad. Come on!" And the boys were glad. A chorus of "Well done, lad!" and "Good boy, Jeem!" rose from the crowd of sturdy Welsh and Irish Hard-rocks as he entered. Once roused from their stolidity they did not hesitate to shake his hand; for a brave man is respected in Arizona even if he is a "Chink."

Transported to the seventh Heaven of happiness and beaming with good will, Jimmy suddenly felt at a loss for a means of expression. Then he remembered his masterpiece, conceived in great kindness of spirit, worked out in bitterness of heart, still reposing on its shelf in the kitchen.

"Ev'ybody si' down!" he cried, and ran

into the pantry. Smiling modestly he issued forth, bearing on high the cake glittering with frosting and sky-blue motto. "Mellie Klismus to all!" he repeated and set it down before them.

The dishes in the Gold Rock restaurant remained unwashed that night; but from the Palace Saloon came the sound of revels: "Here's to our old friend Jim!" and the voice of Jimmy responding "Mellie Klismus to all!"

Only two members of the community were absent from that scene: John Adams, jr., and Fisher Bailey. Shortly after midnight, a great woolly man, with a baling-rope beard and flowing goat-skin robes, arrived at the door of the saloon.

Behind him followed a hairy attendant bearing a juniper tree, from whose branches there hung three mining candles and a shining pearl-handled revolver. After calling "Whoa!" to an imaginary team of reindeer that stamped and rang a horse bell outside, the great man entered.

"Well, if here ain't old Santa Claus!" exclaimed the miners in a well-timed chorus and Jimmy's eyes grew wild. "What are you doing in Arizona?" demanded a spokesman, and Santa Claus replied in a sepulchral voice:

I come to Gold Rock in search of Jimmy,  
the 'Chink.'

If in this room such Chink there be,  
Let him step forth and pick the tree!

There was dead silence while Jimmy gazed in terror at the Christian god. Then he was seized from behind and rushed forward, protesting. Encouraged by his friends and by a jovial smile from the god, Jimmy at last made bold to pluck from the tree the pearl-handled revolver to which was attached the inscription "To Jimmy, the whitest 'Chink' in Arizona." At the reading thereof, the miners' chorus set up a great roar of approbation and rushed Jimmy to the bar. When he looked again the god had disappeared and, being a little far gone in friendship at the time, Jimmy has always believed in the apparition of Santa Claus.

# The Shandy-Gaff

BY FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN

She lay at Shanghai loading rice. She was not a prepossessing looking craft for the purpose I had in view. She was clean enough, and to all appearances staunch and able, but she looked woefully small. Fifty tons, I afterwards learned was her burden, and I wonder, now, where she succeeded in putting even that. But her name, the *Shandy-Gaff*, was of a rarely attractive quality, setting her apart as I fancied, so I sought her captain.

He was a sturdy little man, standing firmly on a short pair of bowed legs braced far apart. He looked me square in the face with his cool blue eyes.

"Well, sir," he said shortly, "what can I do for you?"

"I understand you're sailing for Honolulu," I replied.

"Them's my intentions," says he. "I've got my crew, if so be you're lookin' fer a berth."

"I'm looking for a passage, captain," I laughed. "I'm tired of steamers and want to sail for a while. If you have the room we needn't haggle over terms."

He looked me up and down, hesitatingly.

"I like the looks of the *Shandy-Gaff*," I taftied him. "If you have no objections I suppose it can be arranged with her owners."

"I suppose it kin," he replied calmly, "bein' as I'm her owner. Are ye seasick?" he asked.

"Never," I was able to reply.

"There's only two bunks aft," he said. "You'd have to fix it with my mate."

"May I see him now?"

"Billy," said the captain, "lay aft a minute."

A large man turned from superintending the stowing of the fifty pound mats of rice and rolled along the deck toward us. He had a heavy reddish beard, sandy hair, and steel-gray eyes. I had the impression of immense brute power and precious little mentality as I watched him approach, an impression which events proved more or less fallacious.

"Billy," said the captain succinctly, "this here gentleman wants yer bunk. I told him to fix it with you."

Two minutes talk with Billy, and he had consented to bunk forward and let me occupy his half of the cabin. Ten minutes later I had come to terms with Captain Nicholas Piper, and left the schooner to get my baggage.

"We'll git under way come daylight," said the captain. "Better sleep aboard."

"I'll be on hand," I answered and hurried to the hotel.

I sent my belongings down and spent some hours attending to various matters, winding up with the last course dinner I was likely to have for many a day. About nine I reached the schooner and found Billy Doggett, the bushy-bearded mate, in charge. My baggage littered the cabin and I spent an hour unpacking what I conceived I should need, and stowing the rest out of the way.

I then went on deck for a smoke. Billy Doggett accepted a cigar but resolutely defied all efforts toward conversation. I finished my own smoke, bade him good night and turned in. It had been a full day and I was soon asleep.

The arrival of Captain Piper awakened me. He came in and set down some heavy object with a sigh of relief. I then heard him shut the cabin door and turn the key. Next he gave his attention to the swinging lamp above the cabin table and having lit this, he drew a canvas screen across the skylight. He then lifted from the floor a large leather valise and placed it on the table. From the exertion required it appeared the valise was extremely heavy. I naturally supposed it held the captain's personal belongings and wondered where in the world the man was going to stow such a wagon load.

He set the valise upright, sprung the catches and let it fall open on the table, whereupon both sides appeared full to the brims with small boxes, somewhat larger than sardine tins, wrapped in coarse paper

and printed upon in Chinese characters with a Chinese red.

The captain now produced from a hip pocket a folding rule and proceeded to take measurements on the forward bulkhead of the cabin. Beginning at the ceiling he measured down the middle of the partition a given distance with scrupulous precision, and marked the point with his finger nail. Starting here again he laid the rule at right angles to his first line and chose a distance to the left and perhaps half as long. Again he marked the point with his nail. He then laid the rule diagonally, and now fully extended, between this last found point and the place of beginning at the ceiling. As nearly as I could judge the rule fitted exactly between the two points.

Still using the utmost care the captain then chose a distance about three-fourths down the rule and pressed smartly on the bulkhead with his thumb. Immediately there followed a click and a snap and what hitherto appeared to be a solid beam running from ceiling to floor gave way and revealed itself but a hollow sham.

Up to this point the captain had not once glanced in my direction and in my interest in the strange proceedings it had not so much as crossed my thought that he conceived himself to be alone. Now, the whole nefarious business suddenly became clear to me and I immediately indicated my presence by rising.

He wheeled on me with a startled face. I smiled, a bit cunningly perhaps. I had plainly caught him in mischief. Captain Piper returned the smile and then laughed outright.

"Well, smotherin' angels!" he cried. "Ef I didn't plumb fergit you."

"So the *Shandy-Gaff* is an opium smuggler," I said, I hope severely, though I am not sure. The captain's good-natured surprise was somewhat disarming.

"Egzackly," he returned, with perfect composure. "Did you go fer to reckon Cap'n Nicholas Piper was a-makin' the run to Honolulu fer the profits out o' fifty ton o' rice? Not hardly."

"I suppose I should have considered that," I said. "It had not occurred to me, however."

"Way I look at it is this," said the cap-

tain. "They's twenty thousand Chinamen in them islands an' every blinkin' one of 'em smokes opium. Well, now, if them heathen don't git their little ball o' paste 'bout once in so often, there's somethin' goin' to bust loose. An' on the other hand, ef the guv'ment lets 'em git it on the open, they's a whole lot o' white folks goin' to git right up on their hind laigs an' make a holler. Either way ye run foul o' trouble, as ye might say."

"Well, then, 'long comes Cap'n Nicholas Piper in the little old *Shandy-Gaff*, a-peddlin' rice half way round the world, which the same it don't pay. Them islands is in trouble," says I. "They wants opium, an' they dassent go after it. I'll help 'em out," I says. So I invests a matter of a few hundred dollars here to Shanghai an' when I git to Honolulu them fellers'll be crowdin' each other off'n my decks fer the priv'lege o' payin' me handsome fer my cargo. That's what I call doin' a genuyne service to the cause o' quietness an' peace."

For the life of me I could not tell whether he was in earnest or joking. Anyway I was not my brother's keeper and the opium was none of my affairs. I was more concerned about myself.

"What about me, captain?" I asked. "I have your secret."

"Ain't but one thing to do with you, I reckon," said he.

"Put me ashore?" I asked anxiously.

"An' have ye take the first steamer to Honolulu an' report to them rev'nue fellers, a hundred pounds of opium a-comin' in on the poor little *Shandy-Gaff*. Not that I'm right sure ye'd do it," he added graciously. "But then ye might."

"Indeed I might," I hastened to affirm. "My conscience might drive me to it. You'd better take me along with you."

"I ain't got no other intentions," said he. "I'm glad yer willin' to go peaceful, fer one way or tother ye'd have to go anyway. An' what's more ye'll have to stay aboard an' keep yer mouth shet till the stuff's disposed of there to Honolulu."

"All right," I said. "I'll agree to that."

"Well," said the captain, "I wa'n't askin' did ye agree. I as just statin' facts."

During the latter part of this conversation he had been counting out the tins of

the drug on the cabin table. The total came to fifty. He removed the panel in the bulkhead and began stacking up the boxes in the cavity. They fitted closely, as if the space had been designed to hold them and forty-nine went in without difficulty.

But at that point came a hitch. The remaining space proved a quarter of an inch too small for the fiftieth box. For some time Captain Piper struggled to drive the refractory tin into the cavity, but oak and metal proved too much for him, and finally, throwing the box on the table, he replaced the panel and snapped it shut. It fitted firmly against the tins and when struck gave forth the unmistakable sharp sound of solid wood.

Meanwhile I had picked up the unlucky fiftieth box and was examining it. It weighed about two pounds I judged and was probably worth a hundred dollars at Honolulu, where the stuff was strictly contraband. Captain Piper turned about.

"Paid five dollars for that box," he said. "Ef you want to speckilate a little I'll sell it to you fer just what it cost me."

"Not I," I hastily assured him and handed it back. "I'm much obliged, Captain, but I'll keep out. I prefer to watch this game with strict impartiality."

The captain fingered the box.

"I'd ought to heave it overboard," he said, "but I paid five dollars fer it an' I'm durned ef I'll do it. I'll find some other place to hide it."

He flung it into his bunk and prepared to follow. I was just floating over the verge of sleep when he spoke again.

"Ye'll not mind ef I leave the door locked," he said. "Not that I think ye'd do it, but ye might gimme the slip, ye know," but I was too near asleep to answer.

My journal confirms my recollection that the run to Honolulu was uneventful as regards the elements, and so tiny a creature seemed the *Shandy-Gaff*, once fairly on the deep, that even yet I find occasion to be thankful for the benignity of wind and sea which attended our voyage. We ran up the coast of Japan in the path of the Japanese current, till we caught the

western trades and then slipped off before them over the great green arc of the earth.

Steady and strong they blew us day after day, without let, and while the *Shandy-Gaff* was by no manner of reasoning a speedy craft, we made good time.

With Captain Piper I early came to an excellent understanding. The matter of the opium was never mentioned between us—it was his business and none of mine—while in every other condition I found him much to my liking, and before the cruise ended had reason to believe he held me in a similiar regard. He smoked my cigars and in return repaid me many fold with accounts of life and action in strange quarters of the world. His life-line I found to be a veritable Mercator's chart, and his experiences led all the way from starvation in an open boat on the South Atlantic, to lording it over a nest of Malay pirates in the Indian Ocean.

His morals were beyond reproach, for I believe he kept a common-law wife in every port he regularly touched at, and hardened sinner though he was, the genial goodfellowship of the man was irresistibly attractive.

We had run pretty well across the Pacific before anything worthy of narration occured to break the restful monotony of our flight before the trades. I had wandered forward one day and was standing in the bows enjoying the long slow lift and the smooth fall of the ship, in which lies half the joy of sailing for one who loves the open sea. Suddenly I was aware of the mate Billy Doggett close at my elbow.

"Hello, Billy," I said cordially, for we used no ceremony aboard the *Shandy-Gaff*.

"I'm fer a little talk with ye, sir, if so be yer willin'," said the mate.

"Good enough," I replied, "I'm chock full of talk."

He glanced behind him, and thrusting a hand into his shirt, drew out the unfortunate fiftieth box.

"Why, where'd you find that?" I blurted. "That's—" and caught myself in time.

"I found it kickin' round the cabin," said Billy.

I took it and pretended to examine it.

"What is it?" I said with innocence. "Canned fish?"

"Canned fish!" hissed the mate, in my ear. "It's opium, man."

"Oh," I said, and then, "well, what of it?"

"Skipper fetched a gripful o' them boxes aboard with him, that's what," returned Billy. "I seen him. It's hid some'ers in the cabin. I've been all over the place on the quiet sence I found that box, but blame if I c'n lay hand to the balance."

"Why do you come to me?" I demanded.

"Why, you're in the cabin with the old man most o' the time. Now, if you and me c'n fix up a pardnership, see, likely you c'n find out where he's got the stuff hid an' we'll make him whack up on the profits. How do that strike ye?"

"You'll have to play a lone hand, Billy," I said caustically. "I'm not in the blackmailing business."

Billy spent some time trying to lead me to a more sensible view of the situation but I remained firm. He finally left me and I had leisure for thought on the singular position in which his forced confidence had placed me. Under bonds to keep the captain's secret I had now become the confidant of a man bent on discovering that secret. At least it added a zest to the daily routine and I resolved to say nothing to the captain and to watch developments.

The latter came in a hurry. I had turned in that night and the captain was sitting at the table making his entries in the log, when Billy lurched in. Captain Piper slowly finished out his line before looking up.

"Well?" he said shortly.

"Cap'n," said Billy, "I got a little business with ye."

"Business!" says Piper, and I thought he guessed what was coming, perhaps having missed the fiftieth box.

"Yes, sir," says Billy doggedly, "I'll set down, if ye don't mind."

"Well, out with it. I'm busy," snapped the captain.

"You've got opium aboard," says Billy, striking to the root.

"What ef I have?" demanded the captain. "What business is it o' yours? How the devil do you come in?"

"You've got to whack up with me," says Billy coolly.

"Oh, I have, eh?" says the captain with a laugh. "Now that there's a helpful proposition. That there clears our decks, as ye might say. Now I see what yer a-drivin' at. But," he added, leaning across to his mate, "I guess ye've mis-calkilated, Billy."

His eye roved impartially about the murky cabin.

"First place," he went on, "I don't notice any opium a-layin' round loose, an' second place, ef I did notice any, I'd see you to a durn sight warmer climate 'fore I'd divvy with ye, see?"

Billy's eyes narrowed.

"I know where it is all right," he said darkly, "an' I c'n git to them rev'nue felers, quicker'n you c'n find a buyer."

It was a cold bluff and the captain instantly called it.

"You just p'int out the spot, bucky," he said. "I'm a-waitin'. I ain't sayin' now but what I might go fer to divvy with ye ef so be ye c'n git right up on them laigs o' yours and p'int out the spot."

He smiled encouragingly and Billy fell back on threats.

"All right," he said, rising. "You jest think about it, Cap'n. You whack up with me or ye don't never land it," and he retreated to the deck.

I laughed in my bunk and Captain Piper joined.

"He's tore my bunk inside out twict," he said, "an' he's thumped that bulk-head all over, listenin' fer a holler sound, an' I've watched him do it. I knewed it was comin', but I reckon I sewed him up with a shot to his feet, jest now. What think?"

"I'm not thinking, Captain," I returned. "I'm just watching the game."

"Well, you keep right on watchin'," said Piper cheerfully. "You'll see fireworks directly, mebbe."

A few days later we ran into a calm which lasted out the week. Billy found opportunity to ransack the cabin once more but with quite as sterile results as on former occasions. Then the north-east trades set in and we shaped a course almost due south for the islands. Noth-

ing further happened till we raised them out of the green, and presently ran round the easterly point of Oahu watching the surf bang riotous on the reef.

I was standing on the after deck eyeing the shore a bit feverishly perhaps, for the voyage had been long, when the mate stepped up and addressed the captain.

"Are ye goin' to divvy up?" he demanded with scant courtesy or rather none at all.

"P'int out the spot, Billy," urged the captain good naturally. "I'm still a-waitin'. Ef there's a lot o' that stuff aboard o' my vessel I'd like right well to have it p'nted out to me," and in the face of this audacity the mate was once more discomfited.

Next morning we ran up the bottle-necked channel and dropped anchor in Honolulu harbor. The revenue officers came aboard, made their examination and departed. Billy never opened his mouth, the captain smiled benignly, and I watched proceedings with a keen anticipation.

We lay at quarantine and smoked monotonously for some days and nothing developed, though mate and captain eyed each other like game chickens, each waiting the other's move.

I had an interview with Captain Piper, of his own initiation, by which I was allowed my freedom, once we escaped the clutches of the health officers, on giving my word to keep the secret of the hidden drug. This I considered a signal token of his friendship and esteem.

Finally we tied her up to the wharf and the unlading began. Never for a moment during the next two days was Billy absent from the vessel. He scarcely seemed to sleep at all. He was the very essence of vigilance. I was reminded of a cat before a mouse hole down which had recently vanished a narrowly escaping tail.

The captain took matters more easily, no doubt considering his secret beyond the scope of Billy's wits. The unloading finished, he secured a consignment of sisal for 'Frisco and was absent from the vessel about the business the greater part of two days. I took occasion then to run about Honolulu, for I had already ar-

ranged to go on to the coast in the *Shandy-Gaff*.

I returned to the schooner on the evening of the second day, to find that matters had transpired with a vengeance in my absence. Captain Piper stood on the after deck as I came aboard and greeted me with a grim smile.

"I misjudged Billy Doggett," he said without waiting for my question. "I didn't never give him credit for the intellects he's turned loose. He's a durn sight smarter'n what his looks 'ud lead ye fer to think."

"What's he done?" I demanded.

"Come below," said the captain, and we descended to the cabin.

The place was a wreck. Evidently Billy, by a process of elimination, had arrived at the forward partition. The drug wasn't anywhere else; it must, therefore, be here. Whereupon Billy, with a primitive directness worthy of an earlier age, had cut his Gordian knot by taking an axe to the bulkhead. And his reward had been proportionate to the soundness of his reasoning. The secret crypt had been despoiled.

"Now," said Captain Piper, "ef that ain't highway robbery, what is it? If we was outside the three mile limit I'd call it piracy; a-bustin' in a man's cabin an' walkin' off with his vallibles. Now is the time when the fireworks begins."

"What are you going to do?" I asked with interest.

"Goin' to find Mr. Doggett first off," returned the captain.

He was saved the trouble, for at the moment the mate lumbered down the cabin stairs and presented himself in the doorway. I looked for immediate hostilities, but was disappointed. The captain's manner as he greeted his mate was startlingly cordial.

"Well, Billy," he cried, "ye found it all right, an' I'll be as good as my word. I'll whack up with ye. You git a quarter, Billy. Where'd ye stow it?"

Billy fairly gasped at this audacity.

"I git a quarter, do I?" he finally blurted. "Well, I've got the stuff and I've got a buyer fer it, an' I kind o' reckon if we whack up at all, we'll whack up even."

Captain Piper considered this proposition in silence for a thoughtful moment.

"Well, now, Billy," he said slowly, "I wouldn't go fer to say but what ye might be right about it. 'Course it was my money went into the stuff, an' it was my vessel that fetched it, an' 'twas me that thought the thing up. But ef you've hustled round and found a buyer, I don't say but what you're entitled rightful to a half. I guess mebbe even-up's the word. Where ye got it stowed?"

"All right," said Billy, ignoring the question. "I ain't no hog. I'm willin' to do the square thing, an' that's more'n some folks c'n say. He'll be down here 'bout nine tonight," he added, "an' I'll take ye to the place where it's hid."

The captain was plainly disappointed.

"Billy," he said, "I don't hardly think it's safe to leave that stuff a-layin' round loose some'ers. Hadn't we ought to fetch it aboard till he comes fer it? It's mighty vallible, ye know."

"It's safe enough," returned Billy, and refused to say further.

So the captain and I went ashore to get something to eat, it being then about seven-thirty.

"Why did he come back?" I asked. "That's what beats me."

"I dunno yit," returned Piper, "but I'll figger it out 'fore long."

He 'figgered' steadily all through the meal, and as we lighted our cigars, he suddenly sat up with a jerk.

"He never took it off'n the vessel," he said. "That's why he come back. He didn't dare cart it away in daylight, an' he hid it aboard."

"Well," I laughed, "it's too late now to do anything, even if you're right about it."

"Yes," he agreed disgustedly, "I'll have to work it some other way. But I bet you a dollar bill, now, that stuff never left the vessel. I'd ought to searched her."

We returned to the *Shandy-Gaff* in a somewhat dejected silence, and settled ourselves to wait. Promptly at nine o'clock a portly Chinaman of the merchant class came down the silent wharf and was conducted into the cabin. The following negotiations were carried on mainly by Piper and the Chinaman.

Billy cut in more or less futilely on several occasions, while I preserved an interested silence, once or twice finding time to wonder just what would happen to me personally if the dread minions of the law should suddenly descend upon that smoky cabin.

For more than an hour I was treated to a most interesting exchange of oriental duplicity and of occidental shrewdness. But the celestial wanted the opium and wanted it badly, and while he declared the captain's price for his hundred pounds out of all reason, in the end he paid it and the captain and the mate were each enriched to the extent of \$2500.

Then Billy led the way into the forward hold and Captain Piper followed with self-denunciatory oaths. Into the very bows of the vessel went the mate and from behind an elbow hauled out a potato sack heavy with the stolen treasure.

The Chinaman counted out the money in gold, and it did not increase the captain's peace of mind to observe that he had more than the agreed amount upon his person. The transfer was made, a peculiar whistle brought a coolie out of the darkness of the wharf, and the sack disappeared slung over his shoulder. The merchant bowed and departed with a satisfied smile, and the two smugglers were left to count their wealth of double eagles. Captain Piper at once assumed a cheerful attitude.

"Billy," said he, "it's what ye might call a good day's work. I ain't sayin' but what I treated ye some harsh, but bygones is bygones, as the feller says, and I don't bear ye no hard feelin's. I say, let's us three go ashore and wet down our sails, as ye might say."

Billy with his gold in his sack and his sack in his shirt, was willing to be friends with any and to drink with all.

"I'm with ye, Captain," says he heartily, and we accordingly went ashore.

The details of what followed it is unnecessary to narrate. Your deep-sea sailor, once on land, is a whole-souled drinker while his money lasts, and Billy lost consciousness shortly after midnight and returned to the schooner between the captain and me. We deposited him in a fo'cas'l bunk and the captain ab-

stracted the sack of gold from his shirt without sign of protest from the somnolent William.

The captain was on deck early the next day, rushing the lading of the vessel. I stayed on board looking for fireworks when Billy awoke. It was about ten o'clock when he came plunging out of the fo'cas'l and tore aft toward the captain with blood in his eye.

"Where's my sack, ye thief," he roared. "Ye got me proper drunk and stole it. 'I'll—"

"Hold on, Billy," cut in the captain soothingly. "Them ain't nice words you're turnin' loose of. I got yer sack fer ye all safe enough." Billy halted with his hands not a foot from the captain's throat.

"You was that drunk last night, Billy," went on Piper, "that ye was fer haulin' out that sack an' countin' yer money 'fore the crowd. Now ef you'd ever showed up all that gold to them fellers in Mike's what ye think would 'a' happened to ye? Ye'd never knowed what hit ye, my son."

All this was sober fact.

"I took that sack away from ye on the quiet," continued the captain. "It's down below."

They descended to the cabin and I was astounded at seeing the captain actually return the money.

"Count it, Billy," he said. "We're friends, an' I wouldn't want fer no hard feelin's," so Billy counted it out on the table. It was all there barring the double eagle he had started the spree with the night before, and the small remnants of which were still in his clothes.

"Cap'n," said Billy, shamefacedly, "ye done it kindly an' I'm obliged to ye. An' I hope they ain't no hard feelin's 'count o' them words I jest turned loose on deck. I'm a-askin' yer pardon, sir, fer them words."

"Oh, that's all right Billy," said the captain magnanimously. "Likely I'd ought to put it back in yer shirt 'fore ye woke up."

By evening they had the cargo stowed, the decks clear, and the *Shandy-Gaff* dropped out into the bay and anchored, ready to be off at daybreak. Darkness

fell suddenly and the lights of Honolulu twinkled forth invitingly.

"Billy," said the captain presently, "s'pose we goes ashore for one more evenin'. I kinder hanker fer a drink myself, seein' 's they won't be no more till we make 'Frisco. What say?"

"Right y're," agreed Billy, jovially. "I ain't so wet but what I might be wetter, as the feller said."

The captain included me in the invitation by a wink and a meaning glance; a boat was dropped, and we prepared to go. Captain Piper was a-straddle of the rail when he halted.

"I'm goin' to leave my money aboard," he said in a guarded whisper. "I don't see no sense in luggin' all this gold around. Somebody might go for to rob us, us bein' drunk. They come all-fired nigh it with Billy last night. I'm goin' to take jest enough fer drinks, an' leave the heft of it aboard."

He climbed down from the rail and made for the cabin. Billy followed.

"I b'lieve ye got the rights of it, Captain," he said, "I guess I'll leave mine aboard, too. How much ye goin' to take along?"

"I'll take fer all, Billy," said Piper handsomely. "This here'll be my treat. You jest leave yourn aboard an' then ye won't be in no danger o' losin' it."

Billy accordingly tucked his heavy sack away in my bunk and the captain locked the cabin lest the crew grow inquisitive in our absence. We got into the boat and Billy pulled us ashore as his contribution to the festivities.

Midnight found Captain Piper and me soberly considering the inanimate form of Billy Doggett. Captain Piper tore a page from a greasy note book and wrote thereon with the stub of a pencil. The message finished, he passed it to me.

"Dear Billy," I read, "Mebby this will learn you not to try for to blackmail a man outen his rights, unless your sure your smarter'n what he is."

I returned the paper, the captain tucked it into Billy's shirt, and we rose to leave him. As we passed out the captain handed the proprietor of the place a bill.

"Don't wake him up," he said. "Let him sleep it off," and we hurried to the *Shandy-Gaff*.

At dawn the captain routed out the crew and called a big Swede aft.

"Oleson," he said, "you're mate. Get her anchor now, lively," and Oleson gasped and hurried forward. When the sun rose it found the *Shandy-Gaff*, a successful opium smuggler, slipping out of Honolulu bay for the run to 'Frisco.

"Captain," I couldn't help asking, as

we beat our way up Kaiwi channel, "who's the highway robber, now?"

"Well," laughed Captain Piper, "ye might say it was Billy Doggett, now, a-robbin' me of his vallible services by goin' off an' gittin' paralyzed, a-known' all the time he was to sail come daylight. Yes, ef I was to go fer to name a robber, I'd likely pick Billy Doggett."

## The Best Laid Plans

BY REYNALE SMITH PICKERING

Beresford, '03, crumpled the letter in his hand and paced several times up and down the room.

"I suppose," he muttered to himself, "that this is final. The governor seldom changes his mind when it is once made up, and it certainly seems to be this time. In the first place, he thinks I am too young to consider being engaged at all, and he won't run up, as I have suggested in each of my three letters, and meet her; for, as he writes, what's the use when such a thing's entirely out of the question?"

He paused in his troubled walk, and sitting down at his desk he smoothed out the letter upon it. His eye caught the postscript, which he had overlooked in the first perusal. "By the way," it read, "I wish you would send me a ticket for the games; I want to be on hand when you help wallop those Harvard youngsters."

The ticket, to be sure. He had meant to send his father a ticket for the dual games, which were to be held during the following week. But the way the old gentleman had taken the proposition that he become engaged to "the only girl in the world" had driven the matter completely from his mind. He took an envelope from his pocket and extracted several blue pieces of pasteboard, and, as he glanced at them, a thought seemed to strike him, and an amused smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"I wonder if it could be done," he thought. "Oh, I wonder! And imagine the governor cornered! I never knew

him to back out when he thought he was honestly beaten."

He raised his eyes to the little photograph on his desk; it was smiling at him encouragingly.

"I think, dearest," he said, addressing it, "that you can help me out in this. You can if you will, and I can't help but think that you will see enough fun in it to make you try, anyway."

He took two tickets and laid them side by side in front of him; one was marked "B—24," and the other "B—26."

"Do you see," he continued, his face brightening, "here is the governor," and he rested his finger upon one of the tickets, "and there you are," pointing to the other, "in your blue gown, with a great bunch of violets, and that hat with the big feather. I can see you both now, sitting side by side, looking like personifications of December and June, and you have lost your program or something, and the governor is offering you his, and possibly finding the place for you; and you are thanking him very softly and prettily, and he is glancing at you out of the corner of his eye."

He rose and looked down at the photograph,

"Sweetheart," he said slowly, "you must do it. There is no other way, and the governor must meet you and like you, whether he wants to or not."

Colonel Beresford had arranged to wait for his son, after the games, in the latter's room, and now, as he sank back in

the big leather chair, a look of supreme contentment rested upon his face. Every thing had gone well with him; he had not been almost suffocated coming up on the train, and he had found his seat on the grandstand without difficulty. And, to cap it all, he had seen his son sail across the line a winner, with a yard or two to spare, in the "four-forty," and he recalled with a thrill how he had felt when he heard the deep roaring college yell from a thousand throats come over the field, with his boy's name repeated again and again at the end of it.

And that young girl who had sat next to him; what a wonderful girl she was. The colonel could not keep her out of his mind. The way in which she had thanked him when she dropped her violets and he had restored them to her, the richness of her voice, and how she had stood up with the rest during those last few glorious seconds of the "four-forty," her face glowing with life and excitement, and when Harry had won and he had told her in a burst of fatherly pride that it was his son who was the victor; what could have been more gracious and womanly than the way in which she had held out her hand in congratulation. His fingers still tingled at the remembrance of that firm, little grasp.

At this moment young Beresford entered the room, and the next the old gentleman was wringing both his son's hands in congratulation and pride.

At the end of half an hour Beresford knew that his scheme had succeeded. He had listened for the last ten minutes to his father's praise of her who had occupied the seat next to his during the games, and his heart beat gladly with victory. The shadows were deepening as the colonel rambled on:

"Now my boy," he was saying, "that's the kind of a girl who would make a man happy for life; I would like to meet that young woman again; she's made of the right stuff; the stuff that counts!"

Young Beresford did not answer immediately. He rose slowly and lit the student lamp, and then walked to where his father sat and rested his hand upon the old gentleman's shoulder. His eyes

were shining and a flush of happiness was on his face.

"Dad," he said, "you seem to have experienced a change of heart since your last letter."

"Eh?" questioned the colonel; "change of heart? Why, what do you mean, Harry?"

Young Beresford answered very quietly. "It was Miss Darlington, governor, who sat next to you at the games today."

"What!" cried the colonel, jumping to his feet, "you don't mean to say that is the girl whom you have been writing me about; the girl you want to marry?"

"Yes, dad," answered Beresford, "I knew that you would not blame me after you knew her."

The colonel sank back in his chair. "And you set this trap for me?"

"You refused to meet her, governor, and there was no other way."

There was a questioning look in his eyes as he gazed down at his father. The lines on the colonel's face softened, and he held out his hand to his son.

"I surrender," he said gently.

They were to dine at Mrs. Brocton's that evening, and Miss Darlington was to be there and meet Colonel Beresford in earnest. Beresford, in unfolding the plot to her, had suggested that Mrs. Brocton's conservatory was the best place in which he might introduce the colonel, and she had agreed to wait for him there.

The young man's heart beat rapidly as he piloted his father down the long hall. They had reached the threshold, and in the half-light they could discern the slim figure of Miss Darlington. At the sound of their steps she looked toward the doorway expectantly, with a little puzzled expression in her eyes. Young Beresford strode to where she stood and took both her hands in his.

"You darling," he whispered, "I knew you could do it, I have confessed it all and he is simply in love with you."

She looked up in surprise and started to speak, but Beresford turned swiftly to the colonel.

"Governor," he began with a note of triumph in his voice, "I—" but his words sank back in his throat and died there

as he looked at his father's face. On it was written every form of mystification and surprise, for as the colonel looked into Miss Darlington's eyes he saw, not the girl of the afternoon, not the girl whom he knew, but an utter stranger whom he had never seen before in his life!

There was a dead silence as the three gazed at one another blankly, and then Miss Darlington spoke very softly and there was a look of defeat in her eyes, as they sought young Beresford's.

"I thought," she said, "that my error would simply result in your father sitting alone at the games, but now I see everything. Someone else must have occupied my seat."

"Someone else," cried Beresford in astonishment. "Didn't you occupy it yourself?"

Miss Darlington shook her head. "I—I must have lost my ticket," she faltered. "It was in my pocketbook when I left the house, but when I came to look for it at the gate it had disappeared. And, oh Harry!" she burst out despairingly, "I knew how much depended upon my getting the right seat, and there was no way for me to see you to explain things, and—and—" there was a piteous little break in her voice, "everything has gone wrong; everything."

The colonel stepped forward and took both her hands in his. "Not quite everything, my dear," he said gently; "part of the plans possibly went a trifle astray but they are all going to end happily, just as you both wanted them to." And a suspicious brightness glowed in the old gentleman's eyes as he stooped and kissed her.

There was a swish of skirts, and the next instant a young girl paused on the threshold and looked inquiringly about the dimly lighted room. When her eyes rested upon the three figures she stammered out an apology, "I beg your pardon," she said, "I was looking for Mrs. Brocton." She was gone in a moment; but as she was speaking the light from the hall had rested upon her face.

It was a face the colonel would have known in a thousand. He turned suddenly and grasped his son's arm. "Harry," he said quickly, pointing to the

empty doorway, "it was she who sat next to me at the games today!"

The fish had been served and the colonel was discussing with Miss Dale, who sat next to him, their chance meeting of the afternoon. Her voice was as sweet and crisp as he had found it before, and she had lost none of the beautiful charm which had made her so attractive to him at their first meeting. Her eyes looked straight into his when she spoke and her cheeks glowed softly beneath the light of Mrs. Brocton's candles.

"And isn't it queer," she was saying "that we should meet here again tonight?"

"More delightful than queer," murmured the colonel gallantly.

She smiled and shook her head at him but he did not seem to note the quiet rebuke.

"Tell me," he asked suddenly, "how you came to sit next to me today; you had no ticket for that seat, had you?"

"No," she answered, smiling, "I had no right to that seat whatever; it was just chance that I happened to sit where I did, or I might say, good fortune." And she looked very hard at the colonel.

"Thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Now we are even," smiled Miss Dale.

"And the seat?" asked the colonel.

"It was this way," she answered. "Aunt Elizabeth," and she nodded her head towards Mrs. Brocton, "through some misunderstanding did not expect me until tomorrow; so when I arrived I found that she had gone to the games, and as I had never seen any eastern college games I started, too. When I got there I found that I could not get a seat for love or money, so I bought standing room. And I might be standing yet," she laughed, "if an obliging usher had not offered me the seat next to yours, which nobody seemed to claim. But how did you know I had no ticket?"

The colonel looked thoughtfully down at his glass.

"It's quite a little story," he answered. "But do you know I can't help wishing that you had held a ticket for that seat."

Miss Dale again laughed. "Why, that

wouldn't have changed matters any. I would still have seen the games from just where I did."

The colonel did not answer. His eyes

wandered slowly to Miss Darlington at the farther end of the table, rested there a moment and then came slowly back to Miss Dale's face.

## His Angel Unawares

BY LYNN D. FOLLETT

"Trouping!"

Ethel Mortlan sat on her trunk in the dirty little dressing room in the theater at Sycamore.

It didn't make any difference that the programs announced her name in type only a few points smaller than that which heralded the name of the star himself as "supporting that sterling young actor, Mr. J. Walter Townsend in the brilliant romantic comedy, "The King's Own."

This was one of the nights when she was discouraged. Even one or two tears had helped to wash the grease paint away. The matter? Of course, the show wasn't doing business, but then the territory was bad, and anyhow, it wasn't so much that, only troupers, troupers on the one night stands, and Broadway seemingly an insuperable distance away.

"Watertanks this year, Broadway the next."

Jerry Townsend, the young actor-manager, had a cheerful way of saying it. Jerry was cheerful about most things, and he was cheerful about Broadway, too. Broadway had never taken Jerry but he knew it would. Opportunity was all he wanted. The death of a relative and a moderate legacy had made a company of his own possible. It was only talent and work, he said. Lots of stars have come out of the West.

Jerry's good nature was infectious. It takes a man of infectious good humor to keep a company cheerful when the last salary day is so far back the actors have almost ceased to figure how much money they would get if the show should strike a week of good business.

"Kokomo? Oh, yes, we played Kokomo. That was the place we took in the

thirteen dollars and I left my second wardrobe trunk."

Jerry was a comedian off as well as on. He could say things like that with a jest and have the laugh ring true. It almost seemed as if Jerry liked to have a sheriff traveling with the show.

"They are great character studies," he confided to his leading woman one day. "If I find the public won't really take me as an exponent of romantic art I'm going to desert the legitimate and do a rube sheriff turn in vaudeville."

But there are times when Broadway looks so far away to an ambitious young actress that the intelligence refuses to hunt through the memory for jests that cheer. It was in such a mood that Ethel Mortlan sat on her trunk in street clothing, slowly putting on her hat and preparing to leave the theater.

There was a knock at the dressing room door. Ethel opened it and Townsend walked in.

"I've a telegram for you," he said, producing a small yellow envelope from the pocket of his coat.

The girl opened and read it. He read her face and saw pleasure and displeasure follow in turn.

"How long have you had this?" she asked.

In certain ways, with all his good nature, Jerry Townsend was as heartlessly business-like as the theatrical syndicate itself. Two cardinal principles of troupers had been grafted into him. One, always to move the company to the next stand on the first possible train; the other never to deliver a telegram received during the evening to any member of his company till after the night performance.

"Seven o'clock," he answered.



DRAWN BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"There are times when Broadway looks far away to an ambitious young actress."

'If I'd had it then I could have stopped it.'

"Well, Miss Mortlan, I'm sorry, but you know—"

"Yes, I know," interposed the girl. "I know the rule. I'll stop it, anyhow!" she added vehemently.

"Stop what? The through express?

I wish you could. It would save us getting up at three in the morning." The sally brought no word or smile and Townsend added seriously, "It isn't an offer is it, Miss Mortlan? I hope not, though I couldn't really blame you for taking it, things have been running so badly."

"No, it isn't that," she replied, and she handed him the telegram.

Unless you positively say no will join you in Mayland for a three or four day visit.—Helen.

"Who's Helen?"

"Helen is my sister."

"She's coming on to see you?"

"She sha'n't! I won't! I can't! You might have given me the telegram when you got it," and Ethel burst into a flood of tears, adding between her sobs, "you know I wouldn't have quit you without giving you two weeks. You know me well enough for that."

"What's the matter little girl?" asked Townsend, laying his hand comfortingly upon her shoulder. "Don't you want to see her?"

"Don't I?"

"What's the matter, then? We'll be in Mayland at five tomorrow morning. Maybe she'll be waiting for you?"

"Jerry, have you any money?" asked the girl.

"Not so you'd notice it," replied Townsend cheerfully. "I departed from recent

precedent, paid the hotel bill in full, and now I've got to make tonight's jump with an eleven fare ticket for fourteen people."

"Well, Jerry, somehow, someway, send a telegram for me. There's time yet and I want to tell her not to come. Can you?"

"Guess I can, collect."

"No, it's got to go paid."

"Ethel, what's the matter? You want to see her. Let her come."

"Oh, you don't understand," cried the girl. "She thinks it's all bright, everything nice. She doesn't know the difference between Broadway and Mayland. She thinks because I'm leading woman I'm a great actress. She wants to come on and see me act. Jerry, I can walk out if it's just I alone but it would break my heart if we stranded when she was with the show."

"Well, maybe we won't," and Townsend's optimistic laugh followed the words.

"No 'maybe,' Jerry; it would have to be sure."

"All right then, I'll make it sure for you on the stands and put the maybe on the salary."

"I don't want any jollying. Are you dead sure you can make four more stands?"

"I'll make four more stands. I promise you," he said.

Ethel got up from the trunk and washed the tears from her face. Townsend waited for her and together they walked up the lightless little street to the hotel where the company was quartered.

"You'll be called at 2:30," he said, as he bade her good night in the office. "Get all the sleep you can so you'll be to the good to-morrow."

In her room, as she partially undressed for the brief two hours' rest, Ethel found herself repeating Townsend's promise, "I'll make four more stands." She hadn't noticed it at the time, but now it seemed as if there had been something personal in the emphasis. She was repeating the inflection, too. Somehow it seemed disloyal when she asked herself coldly, "Can he do it?" The answer came, not in speculation but in the positive assertion, "I promise you."

The women actors were never participants in the jugglery when the company

traveled upon a ticket calling for a lesser number of people than it had members. They were in the car in plain sight to be counted each time the conductor came through in the efforts to reconcile the count with the number indicated on the slip which had been given him for the transportation of the troupe. Ethel smiled sleepily as she dozed in her seat and for the third time heard Townsend good-naturedly cataloguing them, "Five in here, two in the next car and four in the smoker. That fellow? Oh yes, he's one of the company. Makes twelve? No, it makes eleven. All right, conductor, if you think you can count twelve come on back and we'll try it once more." Then she would doze off again, conscious only of the "Ter-rek, ter-rek, ter-rek" of the wheels of the coach as they counted the track joints, thirty-five miles an hour towards Mayland and Helen.

Townsend was right. It wouldn't have done any good if the telegram had been sent. In the gray of the morning, when the tired troupers got off the train and filed up to the little hotel in Mayland and Ethel stood by his side while he wrote the names of the company on the register, she glanced down the preceding page and on the last line saw, "Helen Mortlan, Derby."

"She's here!"

The words were a cry of delight.

"Where is No. 8?"

A sleepy night clerk, who had been grouchily rubbing his eyes and casting them up and down the key rack between rubs, looked astonished.

"Where is it, I say?" demanded Ethel.

"Oh, that's all right, old man," broke in Jerry, cheerfully. "It's her sister; she's expecting her."

His infectiousness seemed to warm the fellow. Intelligence and good humor came to the surface together.

"First floor, right at the head of the stairs," said the clerk.

Seizing her dress suit case, the leading woman of "The King's Own" ran up the steps like a school girl. A quick knock, a cry of "Helen!" the opening of a door, a series of delighted exclamations, were the sounds that floated down below.

"Mark both the Miss Mortlans in '8,' and when we settle out tonight consider that one in the company," said Jerry.

Night travel and broken rest are wearying things and it was noon before most of the troupers were astir and visible about the hotel. The actors, strange beings in the eyes of the rural hotel keepers, were customarily seated together at meals, and at the dinner table Helen found herself introduced and taken into the bosom of the whole troup ing family. It was a pleasant family, which took her in with a cordiality to warm her little country-mouse heart. Ethel on one side of her, gay and buoyant with the pleasure of sisterly meeting; Mr. Townsend on the other, so deferential and assiduously polite; Mr. Wilkes, who played the old man parts and used to be with Booth and Barrett, just down below; Mrs. Rawson, the character woman; Miss Ellicott, the heavy, just around the other side of the table; next to her the male heavy, a good natured man who looked as if a villainous idea never entered his private mind, and further along, completing the circle, as many more of the minor members of the company as there were chairs to accommodate.

What a delightful place the great world is when you get out into it! If this were the player's Bohemia it wasn't at all bad and everybody was so pleasant! Wasn't it kind of Mr. Townsend to speak so nicely of Ethel? And how all the others agreed with him!

"Oh, I suppose there's work in it, but you're all so congenial together, and Mr. Townsend is such a perfect gentleman! I don't wonder you like the stage, Ethel."

This was a sisterly confidence of the afternoon.

"I do like it, Helen, but I guess one actress is enough in the family; don't you think so?"

"Oh, I haven't any talents at all, but Fred says he doesn't care. Ethel, you never said a word about it. But look! Doesn't it sparkle lovely?"

For answer Ethel took her sister in her arms and kissed her.

It wasn't a very pretentious opera house that Mayland boasted, not if you judged it by the standards of Broadway, but Helen, whose standards were not those of Broadway, thought it a delightful place. Then it is such fun, after you have seen the play for awhile, to be able to get up and go back through the stage door and into the dressing room of the king's favorite, who is really your sister.

And Townsend. If Townsend had charmed her off the stage he fascinated her on. He was a big, handsome fellow and with his Sixteenth century dress, his swash-buckler airs and ready sword he was haloed in her eyes with an aura of knightly romance. But it was the same Townsend.

"Get lonesome out in front?" he said to her. "Then stand here in the wings while I dash on and rescue yon fair maiden from the black-hearted knight. It



DRAWN BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"Jerry Townsend"

won't take but a minute and I'll be back and talk to you."

The dash on and the rescue, accompanied by a slashing interchange of tin sword thrusts, was soon accomplished.

"How do you like that?" he asked with a laugh, as he returned to her side. "Why my roistering dragoon has all the knights of the Round Table thrown out of the joust. It goes great out in front when there's anybody there."

Townsend laughed again. It put Helen at ease and she laughed, too.

"But I'd think you'd feel badly about it," she said, "when you don't have a big audience to applaud you."

"Why, not at all. Just suppose," went on Townsend, "that there were people in every one of those red plush chairs! I might feel nervous! Anyhow, cheer up. The advance wires back we're sold solid in Anderson for tomorrow night."

"Isn't that fine?" cried Helen.

As she spoke she brought her hands quickly up in front of her with an enthusiastic gesture. It was almost as if she were going to clap. Townsend's eye caught a sparkle in the movement.

"Who turned those border lights?" he growled in a stern stage whisper. "This is a dark scene."

"Oh—why—I—I," cried Helen, startled by his tones and fearing she had done all sorts of direful things by inadvertently touching some concealed lever.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," exclaimed

Townsend in his old good humor. "Little girl, it sparkles like a spot light!"

As he spoke he caught her hand and gazed admiringly at the diamond.

For Helen there was confusion and embarrassment, but also a sense of relief.

"I'm glad I didn't do anything. I thought—" she said.

As she spoke she drew away her hand. The ring, which was a loose fit for the fourth finger, slipped off and was held by Townsend.

"Now, this is very kind of you, Miss Mortlan," said the actor with mock sincerity. "I really appreciate this little tribute to my histrionic talent. I am taken by surprise, but—"

"But I—"

"And it fits, too," he went on, ignoring the interruption, "something quite uncommon in gifts of this sort."

Still speaking he put the ring on his little finger where it slipped down snugly to the second joint, and beamed upon Helen with a smile of rare simulated gratitude.

"Now, Mr. Townsend, you're teasing me. You know—"

But the speech was never finished. Helen caught the last words of something—"than that I die in arms." It was spoken from the stage.

"My cue," whispered Townsend.

When the curtain fell on the act Townsend came off the other way and went immediately to his dressing room. He had scarcely entered it when the house manager pushed open the



"Helen Mortlan.

door without the ceremony of knocking.

"The show's attached," he said.

"The devil it is!" said Townsend.  
"Who is it?"

"The hotel keeper."

Townsend followed the manager to the box office. It was quite as reported. There was the hotel keeper, anything but urbane, the village lawyer, and the inevitable constable.

"How much is it?" demanded Townsend.

"Well, I ain't runnin' asylums for actors. I'm runnin' a hotel. My bill's twenty-eight dollars."

"There is also my fee," added the lawyer pompously, "for getting out the attachment. That will be five dollars."

"An' ther's my fee," tacked on the constable, "an' thet 'll be fifty cents."

"Thirty-three fifty in all," said Townsend. Then to the house manager, "Got enough in to satisfy it?"

"No, your share's only twenty-four seventy-five."

"Settle for that?" This to the hotel keeper.

"I won't settle for a cent less than my bill and the fees."

The problem which the young manager faced bore an inverse resemblance to the old poser of how to get the contents of the quart bottle into the pint cup.

Townsend, with a gesture of seeming despair, let his hands fall violently to his side. Helen's ring fell to the floor. Instantly he was down on all fours looking for it.

"Lost somethin'?" asked the constable.

"Diamond ring worth a hundred and fifty, but there are associations that make it three times over valuable to me."

The constable followed Townsend to the floor, then the house manager joined in the search and finally, even the hotel keeper stooped down to look. Townsend whose hand had covered the ring all the while, brushed it out from under the chair directly in front of the landlord. The latter picked it up and extended it to Townsend, who remarked, "Beautiful stone," but made no offer to take it, his mind seemingly being concentrated upon the business of settlement.

"Now, I'm sold solid in Anderson to-

morrow night," he said. "Suppose I leave three trunks with you. I'll send the money as soon as I get there."

"I've had actors leave trunks with me before. They's always a big house in the next town and I never could wear your kind of clothes."

The landlord surveyed Townsend, attired in tights and tunic, and the actor returned the inspection, mentally picturing the figure his late host, who was a short, stout man, would cut in the costume.

Then he laughed. The beauty of Townsend's laugh was that it was just as hearty and infectious under adverse circumstances as under smiling ones. The landlord laughed, too.

"Look here, young fellow," he said with more human cordiality than he had hitherto displayed, "I ain't got no use for trunks of stage clothes and I don't believe nothing about your big house in the next town, but if you want to pay my lawyer and the constable here you can leave the ring with me for the board bill. I don't care much if you never come back," he added, admiringly surveying the stone.

Townsend hesitated. Part of the hesitation was simulated but not all. That was what he had been working for, but should he do it? The house was sold solid in Anderson, but there was always a chance for a slip. If it didn't—well—"

"It's fourteen miles from Schenectady to Troy."

And if he didn't? Of course, Helen would have her ring. And Ethel? "Four more stands I promise you."

"All right, landlord," he said, "and you'll get your money. I wouldn't part with it if I wasn't sure I could redeem."

The last act, which was the climactic one with Townsend the central figure, went splendidly. It would take more than an attachment to upset Townsend, and while one or two of the others might have had a suspicion, they at least didn't know. Then there was a hurried packing of trunks and a race for the train, less than an hour's ride and bed by one o'clock in the morning. "A good jump," the troupers called it. Ethel and Helen went to the station under Townsend's escort, but he said nothing of the ring and



DRAWN BY DAN BAYRE GROESBECK

"The hotel keeper, the village lawyer and the inevitable constable."

Helen found she needed her breath to keep the hurried pace he set. Aboard the train Townsend deserted them for the smoker. It was noon before she saw him again.

Townsend was so funny at the table! He persisted in sitting all through dinner with his left hand in his pocket, and every time Helen caught his eye there was such comicality in it she almost disgraced her-

self with laughter. The idea of his saying to the waitress:

"No, my girl, no meat; nothing but soup, mashed potatoes, custard pie and a few easy things like those a one-armed man can cut with a fork."

It was idiotic but it was absurd. And this was only a sample. It was that way all afternoon. Townsend, who had drawn on the advance sale, was provided

with plenty of money for current needs, and with Thespian generosity made the afternoon pleasant for his leading woman and her sister by a delightful drive out into the country. But he insisted that Helen should sit at his right, and never, try as she would, could she get a good view of that mysterious left hand.

It was all so foolish she said nothing about it to Ethel till in the privacy of their room a few minutes before time to start for the theater. Suspicion blanched her sister's face.

But it would never do to let Helen know.

"He's only fooling, dear," she said. "You'll get it back all right. I'll see that you do."

At the theater before she started to make up for the performance Ethel went straight to Townsend's dressing room. The star was lifting grease paints, mirrors, wigs and various other accessories out of his trunk. He was the soul of good nature and his pleasant-mien blunted the fierceness of Ethel's attack. She meant to learn the worst at once, but, instead, she moved by indirection.

"Jerry," she said, "weren't we attached last night?"

"Why, you might call it that; weren't any papers served."

"How did you get out of it?"

Townsend leaned over towards her, put both hands squarely on his dressing table and looked her in the face. He was still smiling but he said pointedly, "Don't you think you're inquiring pretty deeply into some matters of management?"

Ethel, who caught sight of Helen's ring

on the manager-star's little finger, stammered in confusion.

"I—didn't mean. I mean I thought—"

"Don't think," said Townsend, the smile expanding, "you get wrinkles that way."

"Oh, say," he added, as he turned to leave. "Is the kid getting worried about her ring? I want to carry the joke a little further but I'll give it back to her tomorrow."

"All right, but you must, then. She's going to leave in the afternoon."

Townsend had had breakfast when the girls came down in the next town the following morning. He likewise failed to join them at dinner, but the sisters had scarcely returned to their room when a bell boy came up with a little package, a jeweler's box.

"Miss Helen Mortlan," said the boy.

Helen opened the package with nervous haste. Yes, there it was, her ring, and beside it another, a little seal ring. Mr. Townsend's card was in the box.

"Oh, it's a guard ring!" exclaimed Helen, "it came off so easily. That's the way he came to get it."

She slipped the little diamond-set circlet on her finger, then picked up the other.

"Why," she cried, "it's engraved, too!"

The sisters bent over it and in the tiny tracing read:

"To my Angel Unawares."

Helen knotted her brow puzzledly.

"I wonder if he meant anything by that?" she said.

"I'm afraid he did, dear," replied her sister, "but it doesn't matter, now."

## Parisian Modes



MAISON DRÉCOLL.—Cloak of light mauve broadcloth, lined with old-gold satin; embellishments of old gold.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

MAISON NEY SCEURS.—Ball gown of lace; embroidered corsage; basque of black Chantilly lace.

Ball wrap of Irish lace over rose mouseline de soie; knots of black velvet.



MAISON ROUFF—Dinner gown of satin; embroidered wreaths of laurel leaves; flounces of lace.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

MAISON NEY SCEURS—Ball dress of rose mouseline de soie; flounces trimmed with lace spangled with silver; girdle of rose liberty silk.

MAISON REDFERN—Cloak of bronze panne velvet; trimmed with gold embroidery and chinchilla.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS



PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

MAISON DRÉCOLL—Evening cloak of rose-colored gros-grain silk, trimmed with Alençon lace; wreaths of embroidered roses; tails of sable.

## THE RED BOOK

MAISON BÉCHOFF - DAVID—  
Tailored empire gown of black and  
white striped velvet; vest trimmed  
with ermine, cuffs and facings of  
mauve velvet, embroidered.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS



PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

MAISON NEY SCEURS — Tailored  
suit of royal blue broadcloth trimmed  
with stitchings.

Long jacket, stitched and corded;  
revers and cuffs of white broadcloth,  
embroidered.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HALL, NEW YORK

A scene from "The Squaw Man"

## Some Dramas of the Day

BY ACTON DAVIES

Oh, what a change is there, my countrymen! The Broadway theaters, stamping ground for many seasons for carpet knight and swashbuckling hero of every nationality and breed, have had at least two of their stages swept fresh and clean of late by some strong breezes from the western prairies. Two managers at least have been astute enough to realize that there are profits in their own country when they produce a good native play and while foreign plays of many varieties have fallen by the wayside, the victims of that most harrowing of all theatrical diseases, a plethora of vacant chairs, at the Belasco and at Wallack's, where plays of the bounding breezy West are on view, there has been nothing but a succession of crowded houses.

For five years in succession now, David Belasco, either as a producing manager or as a playwright, has succeeded in supplying the New York public with its greatest theatrical sensation of the season. This year, in a play from his own pen, produced by himself and with Miss Blanche Bates in the title role, he scored more brilliantly than ever from a popular standpoint, for "The Girl of the Golden West" contains nearly every attribute which goes to the making of a great play.

For fifteen minutes in the second act

of this play the audience sits tense and startled in the grip of one of the greatest melodramatic situations which the stage has shown. Complication is piled on complication, old situations which have done duty in all varieties of drama for ages are used as stepping-stones toward the apex of the act—a situation which is not only entirely original but a complete and staggering surprise to the audience. And then through all this melodramatic setting there runs one of the freshest, tenderest love stories that have been told in many seasons. "The Girl of the Golden West" may thrill you with its climaxes, but it goes deeper than that. There is a great, big human note running all through it which touches your heart and brings the tears, while from an atmospheric standpoint neither the barbaric pomp of "Adrea," the brilliant frippery and tragedy of "Du Barry," nor yet the grim and warlike picture of "The Darling of the Gods," has carried so much conviction as the magic way in which, once the curtain rises, Belasco carries his audience into the very heights and depths of the Sierra Nevadas in the days of '49.

This is how it is done. At the top of the programme the following paragraph starts the creation of his atmosphere. This little preface reads:

## THE RED BOOK

In those strange days people coming from God knows where, joined forces in that far Western land, according to the rude custom of the camp, their very names were soon lost and unrecorded, and here they struggled, laughed, gambled, cursed, killed, loved and worked out their strange destinies in a manner incredible to us of today. Of one thing only are we sure—they lived!

—Early History of California.

As you seat yourself in your orchestra chair you are confronted with a drop-curtain of dazzling beauty. It is made of embossed leather, and shows in shadowy outline a dark green and red valley, a chain of inky black mountains surmounted by a blazing sunset scene. A skilfully concealed spot-light kept always focussed upon this sun makes it seem a living ball of fire. Under the spell of this curtain you gradually drift far, far away from Forty-second street on your long journey across the continent. In less than two minutes you have arrived. There is a swift patch of darkness, then the curtain rises slowly, showing *The Girl's* home, a tiny little shack with lighted windows, perched on a mountain peak. Gradually this little shack creeps up and up the proscenium, and in the cold moonlight you see the two sides of a vast canyon. Before this remarkable panoramic effect is

completed *The Girl's* cabin is a glimmering speck way up on a level with the "flies" and as the base of the canyon dawns on the eye a full-sized wooden building looms into view—the Polka saloon, which *The Girl* runs. All down the mountain side you can see the trail down which *The Girl* comes to her work every day. In less than a minute Belasco has established his *locale*. One of the most important things to establish in the audience's mind is the isolation of *The Girl's* home. Then, as the saloon reaches the level of the footlights, you hear the shouts of the miners, the scraping of fiddles and the shuffling of feet. Another patch of darkness and the panorama has vanished. We are inside the Polka saloon. The play has started in real earnest.

*Minnie Smith* is *The Girl's* real name. At least she thinks it is, but as she says herself, she isn't sure of anything when it comes to names. Her father, who is dead, has left her the Polka saloon, and she, the one decent woman on Cloudy mountain, runs it herself. She is young, pretty, and possesses such a capital business head that all the miners have made her their "lady banker." Each night they bank their "findings" in the little keg which she keeps behind the bar. *The Girl's* creed is a simple one. Cheating at cards, in her eyes, is the greatest sin, save one. *Jack Rance*, the sheriff of the county, and the proprietor of four prosperous gambling resorts, finds a man cheating at cards just as the curtain rises. Instead of shooting him, *Rance* pins the deuce of spades over his heart, kicks him out of the saloon and warns him that if he ever touches a card again he will be shot on the spot. Then *Rance* turns to the



PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

A scene from "The Girl of the Golden West."



PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

*The Girl and Jack Rance* in the gambling scene. See page 407

bar and asks *The Girl* to marry him for the thousandth time. The way he does it is characteristic of the man.

"Say, *Girl*," he remarks, "marry me. My wife will never know; she is way down in New Orleans and I am never going back there."

But *The Girl* laughs him to scorn. There was a time when she considered *Jack Rance* and his immaculate shirt fronts and clean white handkerchief, the finest thing in the way of a gent that she had ever seen. But lately, as she expresses it, she has been reachin' out. On a trip to Monterey she passed a stranger on the road, and he gave her some wild flowers. She caught only a glimpse of him, but that was enough to prove to her that *Rance* was not the real thing. Presently, *Nick*, her faithful bartender, rushes in from the dance hall exclaiming:

"Say *Girl*, there's a gent in here wants water with his whiskey."

The mere idea of such adulteration shocks the proprietress of this straight goods resort.

"Send him in to me," she replies. "I'll curl his hair for him," and in he comes, a tall, swarthy, debonair young man in

buckskin and a sombrero. She recognizes him on the instant and he her. He is the stranger, the man on the road to Monterey, the giver of the wild flowers, in a word, her fate. *Rance*, with the instinct of the thwarted lover, recognizes the situation almost as soon as they do. He strives to pick a quarrel with the stranger, but at that instant in comes *Ashby* the Wells-Fargo man, with a Mexican whom he has just captured. The greaser confesses that *Ramerrez*, the great road-agent, on whose head is a \$5,000 reward, is on the trail. The whole party start in pursuit of him, leaving *The Girl*, the stranger, and *Nick*, the bartender, alone in the saloon. It is nearly closing time and *Nick* begins to put up the shutters, while *The Girl* and the stranger talk in soft whispers across the bar. She brings out the keg and starts to count the money. As she takes out each little bag of gold dust and docks it, she tells him the history of it.

"Ain't it wonderful what a man will do for the love of a woman, or a little child? Here are all these follows, living, eating, sweating dirt, working in it, dying in it, all for the sake of some woman, or some little kid. Sometimes the boys is



PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

Miss Blanche Bates and Frank Keenan.

scared that a road-agent will come in here and rob me, but I always tell them not to mind. Everybody on Cloudy knows that I'm decent, and I'm honest; why if a road-agent was to come in here tonight I'd treat him like a perfect gentleman and ask him to have a drink. Even a robber has got to respect a real lady. By the way," she adds, with an afterthought, "I never asked you to have a drink. Won't you have somethin' on the house?"

"Say, *Girl*," says the stranger, who is *Ramerrez*, of course, "you're all right. There isn't a man alive who could have the heart to rob you."

Then she asks him to come up to her little shack for supper. She can only offer him two charlotte russes, and a lemon turnover, but she'd love to have him come.

The second act discloses *The Girl* and *Ramerrez* in her cabin. During their supper a blizzard comes up, a blizzard so cold and realistic that it almost makes the teeth of the audience chatter. But *The Girl* and the robber are oblivious to

it. He asks her to marry him. He declares he'll start a new trail, they shall go East together. She, knowing him only as her ideal of what a man should be, accepts him gladly. He starts to leave her for the night, but as he opens the door the snow is banked so high about him that escape is impossible.

"You can't get off Cloudy tonight," she cries delightedly. "In fact you can't leave this cabin. You needn't worry though, tomorrow the boys will come and dig us out; they always do, and you can have my bed. I never sleep in it on cold nights. I always sleep on rugs in front of the fire."

Having no alternative, he accepts. The bed is an old-fashioned cot, surrounded by curtains.

"Good night, *Girl*," he cries, as he lays aside his pistols, and then looking out of the curtains he catches a glimpse of her in old red dressing gown, saying her prayers in front of the fire. She wraps herself in the rugs and there is a long pause. Then raising herself on one elbow she calls:

"Say, Mister Johnson, what's your first name?"

"Dick," comes the reply from behind the curtain.

"Good night, Dick. God bless you," she says.

And the blizzard still roars. Presently there is a sound of shouting down the trail. The road-agent starts up, grabbing his pistols. The girl goes to the window and peeks out.

"*Jack Rance* is there, and the posse. If *Rance* was to see you here, he'd kill you. Get back in the bed, I must let him in."

They enter, and tell her that they have come to warn her.

"You've had a mighty narrow escape," says *Rance*. "That Sacramento shrimp you was carrying on with down there was *Ramerrez*. He'd come to rob the Polka."

"Quit your foolin'," says *The Girl*. "What makes you think that? Why he was a gentleman, he's no robber."

"He isn't eh!" says *Rance*, "why his sweetheart *Nina* on the back trail came up to claim the \$5,000 reward. She brought his photograph. Here it is.

And there's 'with love' written on it."

Still laughing *The Girl* sends them home again, but the instant the door is closed and locked she turns in a fury on the man. He confesses everything, and in a fury she turns him out. A minute later there is a pistol shot. She struggles against herself, trying to keep from opening the door, but her love for the man is too much for her. As the door opens *Ramerrez* staggers in, horribly wounded. He sinks to the floor, but strives to leave the room again, shouting that he won't seek shelter behind a woman. Then comes another knock at the door, and *The Girl*, desperate, looks for some place to hide her lover. Across the back of the room is a sort of loft filled with old trunks.

Reaching upwards *The Girl* lets down a ladder. She pushes and hauls the half-unconscious man up to the loft, and leaves him lying there across the rafters. The trunks hide him. Then she replaces the ladder and opens the door. *Rance* rushes in, pistol in hand. She swears that no one is concealed there. He searches, but without result. Then furious with rage he grabs hold of *The Girl* and kisses her. She struggles, seizes a bottle with which she strikes him, and the sheriff backs up the stage. He is standing directly under the rafters where the robber lies. He holds out his long white hand saying:

"Say *Girl*, forgive me, I didn't mean to do that."

*The Girl*, anxious to get rid of him at any cost, goes forward to take his hand. As she does so, to her horror, she sees a drop of blood fall on his outstretched palm. The *Sheriff* looks at the blood blankly for a moment, then pulls out his white handkerchief, and holds it in exactly the same place. There is a long pause, and then slowly the handkerchief grows red. With a whoop of triumph the *Sheriff* lets down the ladder and hauls down the half-conscious man. The robber staggers across the stage and falls fainting at a table. The *Sheriff* stands over him gloating and laughing with delight. *The Girl* draws her pistol and is about to fire at *Rance*, but suddenly she changes her mind. She crosses the room and looks *Rance* full in the eye.

"You're a gambler," she says; "he's

a gambler, I'm a gambler's daughter. We'll play for him, three cold hands, a showdown. If you win I'm yours, body and soul, in spite of that wife in New Orleans; hating the very sight of you, I'm yours. If I win, he's mine and goes free."

"Done," says *Rance*, and sitting down he pulls a pack of cards out of his pocket.

"Wait," says *The Girl*, and passing into the little kitchen for a moment she returns, remarking, "This is serious business, *Jack Rance*, we'll play with a new pack."

She lays the new pack down. *Rance* deals. She wins the first hand. He wins the second. Then as they pause before the final hand, he says to her, "Minnie, something tells me I'm going to win. In one minute I shall have you in my arms, and for every time you've taunted me and turned me down I'll take this out on you for the rest of your life."



PHOTOGRAPH BY HALL, NEW YORK

Scene from "The Squaw Man."

*The Girl*, almost fainting, cowers before him.

"I've won," he cries triumphantly laying down three kings.

"Whiskey, whiskey, get me a drink, Jack, I'm fainting," cries *The Girl*, and as he turns to get a bottle, quick as a flash she throws her own cards into her bosom and draws a new hand from beneath her skirt. It's an ace full. Without speaking a word, *Rance* tears from the cabin and

comes up *The Girl* rises from her little tepee and stretching her arms out towards the one last visible peak of the mountains she is leaving forever, says her farewell to California.

No mere description can give an idea of either the power or the pathos of this most beautiful play. For Miss Blanche Bates, it has proved the greatest triumph of her life, and another immense success has been scored by Frank Keenan, who plays the *Sheriff*. In fact, the acting of the entire company merges exquisitely into the picture.

The other play of the West, which has won great favor, is "The Squaw Man" by Edwin Milton Royle, in which William Faversham is appearing at Wallack's. This play tells the story of an Englishman who has shouldered another's crime, comes to this country and becomes a cowboy. The daughter of an Indian chief saves his life on several occasions, and eventually he marries her. They have a child, a little boy, and when he is about seven years old, the Englishman's good name is cleared, he comes into a fortune, and his family's executors send for him to come home and take his right position in the world. But on account of his Indian wife, he refuses to go. He sends his little boy instead. Then the Indian wife, realizing that he does not love her, and made desperate by the loss of her child, kills herself, leaving the hero free to marry the English girl whom he originally loved, and who, throughout the play, is perpetually dropping from private palace cars into the midst of the Wyoming desert or dance hall saloons in a most extraordinary manner. For two acts the play is the crudest sort of impossible melodrama. But the scenes between the hero and the child are extremely beautiful, and in spite of "The Squaw Man's" many melodramatic absurdities, there is no question that it has given Mr. Faversham one of the best rôles of his career. The character of the little Indian wife, beautifully played by Miss Morrison, is really the one tragic and wholly sympathetic character in the play. But the author has twisted the situations so that the audience expends all its tears upon the man. This is



PHOTOGRAPH BY HALL, NEW YORK

Scene from "The Squaw Man."

the curtain falls upon *The Girl* as she rushes frantically to her unconscious lover.

In the third act *Ramerrez* goes free, but is taken again by the Wells-Fargo people. He is about to be hanged, but when the miners realize *The Girl's* great love for him they set him free. The final scene, one of the most exquisite pictures ever shown upon a stage, shows *The Girl* and her husband traveling eastward. They have reached the foot-hills of the mountains, and it is just dawn. As the sun



PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

Scene from "Monna Vanna."

all very fine for the star of course, but it seriously hurts the play.

Madame Bertha Kalische's appearance in Maurice Maeterlinck's great drama "Monna Vanna" at the Manhattan has been one of the most notable artistic events of the season. Manager Harrison Grey Fiske has given this play a superb production and Madame Kalische, though considerably hampered by her limited knowledge of English, gives an intense and at times a really powerful performance of the luckless heroine. *Monna Vanna* is the wife of *Guido*, the governor of Pisa, which is in a state of siege. The city is starving and on the point of surrender, although they know that if they throw down their arms their conqueror, *Prinzivalle*, the commander of the Florentine army, will treat them without mercy. *Prinzivalle* sends *Guido* word that if he will send his wife *Monna Vanna* clad only in a cloak, to spend the night in his tent, he will free the city and feed the starving thousands. *Monna Vanna*, hearing of this, makes the sacrifice of her own

accord. Her husband, furious, strives to prevent her, but the populace are too strong for him. She goes to *Prinzivalle's*



PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK

Madame Kalische as *Monna Vanna*.

## THE RED BOOK

tent. Once there she recognizes in her conqueror the boyish lover of her early youth. He treats her with reverence, and the night passes in reminiscence of their childhood days.

Meanwhile his own army has revolted, and he is warned that his soldiers are coming to his tent to kill him. *Monna Vanna* takes him back to Pisa, where the trains of provisions have already arrived. They reach there at dawn. *Prinzivalle* is disguised as her guard. No one recognizes him. They come to the palace where her husband is waiting. She rushes to him and begins to tell her story joyfully, but he thrusts her away, telling her that she lies. She calls the people in, but they

The curtain falls on this situation. Henry Kolker as *Guido* and Frederick Perry as an old patriarch, each scored big artistic successes. The play, while it will never be popular, handles a very big subject in a most impressive way, which is absolutely devoid of salaciousness in any form.

The annual engagement at the Knickerbocker of E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe brought forward three beautiful productions of Shakesperian plays, each of which was attended with a very great measure of success. Mr. Sothern scored best in the rôles of *Petruchio* and *Malvolio*, while his *Shylock*, although still very crude in places, won a great deal of honest commendation. Miss Marlowe gave a rather original conception of *Catherine* in "The Shrew," was a completely delightful *Viola* in "Twelfth Night," and failed almost entirely as *Portia*. She brought the character neither the brilliancy, the dash nor the dramatic instinct which are absolutely essential to the part. Apart from his success as an actor in these three plays, Mr. Sothern covered himself with glory as a stage manager. The scenic effects in all three plays were unusually beautiful.

No record of the month would be complete without some reference to the great and only Sarah. Madame Bernhardt, now sixty-three years of age, is showing New York the unprecedented feat of playing no less than eight great emotional rôles in the course of a single week. On the stage she still looks marvellously young, and her exquisite voice has retained the freshness and golden quality to a most remarkable degree. In Chicago, as in New York and in all the other cities where she has already played, her success from a financial as well as an artistic standpoint has been enormous.



Sarah Bernhardt as *Adrienne*.

too, refuse to believe the stories that *Prinzivalle* has spared her honor. Distracted and humiliated, the woman turns to her husband, and tells him that *Prinzivalle* himself will bear witness on her behalf. The two men face each other. *Guido* draws his sword to kill him, when suddenly *Monna Vanna* rushes between them and throws her arms about *Prinzivalle's* neck. The husband declares that if she will confess what he thinks is the truth, he will spare *Prinzivalle's* life. The woman, desperate, declares that she has been dishonored. They drag *Prinzivalle* away from her to prison, and as he goes, the woman realizes and declares that he is really the only man she has ever loved.